

# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability : to every one according to his needs.*

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## "PEACE ON EARTH."

ON Christmas Day a hundred thousand congregations will assemble throughout the United States to hear repeated this command of Christ. Shall not these words have for them a practical application?

It will be the first Christmas of the new century, and will find two hundred and twenty thousand troops of the Christian nation of Great Britain standing rifle in hand on the South African veldt trying to destroy another Christian people. The horrors of this war, which is now in its third year, have been unusual.

We Americans have cause to feel deeply over these conditions. On one side is England, with whom we are united by blood and commerce and customs; on the other, a brave Republic enduring unflinchingly death and hardship for the same principles which were at stake in our own War of Independence. The English people, with whom we have such close ties of friendship, have been placed by short-sighted politicians in the false and ruinous position of seeking to destroy a brave Republic with whose interests England would have been in harmony had there been intelligent negotiation.

More than twenty thousand lives and eight hundred million of dollars have been sacrificed as the first results of this mistaken policy, and in the third year of the war the latest news by cable tells of seventeen officers and two hundred and twenty-eight men killed and wounded in the last fight. Other cablegrams tell of a hundred thousand additional men being drilled in English camps for immediate service, and that the Commons will shortly be called upon to add another hundred million of taxes.

This, to say nothing of ten thousand Boer families scattered over the veldt and enduring wretchedness almost without a parallel or held

in great prison-camps where the death-rate and attendant horrors are almost equal to our own at Andersonville.

Have the Christians who will gather in American churches on Christmas Day no interest in these two peoples? Can they do nothing beyond meeting and singing "Peace on Earth"?

An effort, behind which lies at least a promise of success, will be made by *THE COSMOPOLITAN* to secure the co-operation of those who as Christians owe active work in aid of the unfortunate participants in this struggle—who as believers in a Republic owe determined effort to preserve in other lands the principle that all government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed. Strange retrogression upon the part of American republicans, that during nearly three years no word of protest has gone up against the crushing of an infant Republic. Have they been indifferent to the struggle? Everywhere over the country there are indications that the most intense feeling pervades all classes of people.

It is impossible to believe that if the American people unitedly petitioned their English brothers to submit the issues to arbitration there would not be a favorable response. Ten thousand earnest meetings on Christmas Day, expressing only the sentiments that already fill every breast, would quickly bring about the desired result.

We owe it to England to seriously endeavor to settle a war which is so wasteful of the blood of her splendid youth and so rapidly bringing her resources under the mortgage of an immense national debt. We owe it to the Republicans of South Africa, who have shown the most magnificent spirit since the world began, to do something for their liberty.

*THE COSMOPOLITAN* therefore asks the people of the United States that they give their Christmas Day a tone of active Christianity; that the men and women of each congregation after Christmas services meet and sign the following:—

"We, of the city of . . . . ., assembled on Christmas Day, in sympathy with the sufferings being endured in the South African war, hereby petition our English brothers to join with us in asking the appointment of the President of the United States and the Queen of Holland as arbitrators to whose judgment shall be committed the settlement of all questions affected by the South African dispute; and that meanwhile hostilities shall cease."

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THE HARVEST ON SPION KOP.

## THE BOER WAR TO DATE.

BY ALLEN SANGREE.

NIGHT in the Transvaal upon October 19th two years ago fell blacker than the ninth plague of Egypt; and it rained. The riflemen of Joubert huddled under cover of tented ox-wagons while water soaked the veldt, dripped through canvas, and gushed in torrents down the mountain-side. It was their first battle-eve. Little wonder they felt anxious.

To the young men the English soldier was an abstract personage. They had read of him in Kipling; had seen him pictorially portrayed in gorgeous uniform—the hussar, the dragoon, the life-guard. Now they were actually to meet this creature of engaging romance and limitless tradition—they, a company of farmers, whose bivouac looked like a gipsy camp, who knew nothing of heliograph, lyddite, engineers and lancers. It was presumptuous, almost irreverent. Not a few burghers felt sick, like one who offers to fight and suddenly discovers that his opponent is a prize-ring champion.

But the old men were confident. "At Bronkhorst Spruit, at Langsnek, at Ingogo

and at Amajuba," they said, "God gave us victory, though in all these battles the British troops were more numerous and better armed than ourselves. He will deliver them into our hands this time." So they slept tranquilly. Only the ten Irishmen, deserters from the Queen's army, tossed restlessly. Hanging is an unpleasant death.

Morning came with clouded sky. An opal spot showed toward the Indian Ocean. When mist settled like a blanket, the riflemen stumbled blindly over rocks and hills into a little settlement called Navigation Collieries. The miners had dropped pick and shovel and abandoned their huts to seek safety in the Natal plains below. Transvaal artillery boys were already using their deserted bunkers for ramparts. The artillery, always first to fire and last to retreat, had arrived in the night. Leaning over their Creusot guns carelessly or peering with French glasses into the mist, they keyed the nerves of any faltering rifleman. No sound so sweet on earth to infantry, when hard pressed, as the death-roar of a

battery that suddenly comes to aid you.

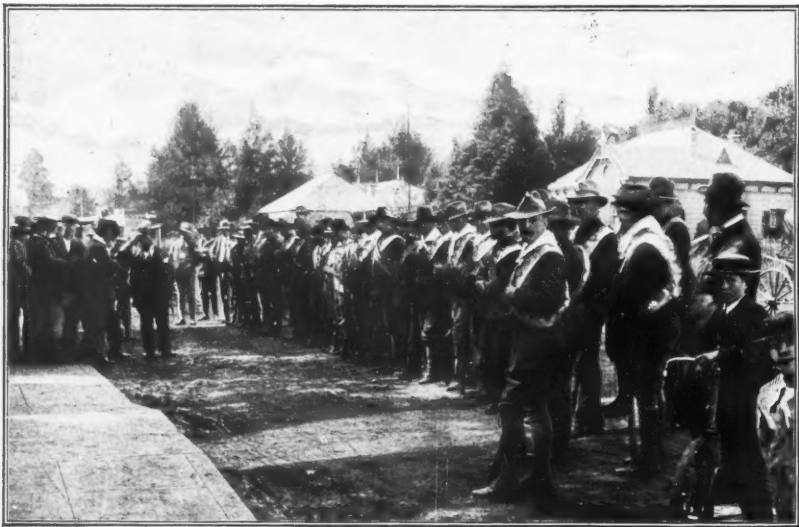
It was twelve o'clock noon before the mist parted to disclose on the plain a house and barn surrounded by a stone wall. Colonel Blake, of the Irish Brigade, and Trichard, artillery Captain, lying on their stomachs behind a rock, were the first to descry figures moving.

With that, every man, young and old, raised his head to gaze upon the dust-colored forms, so tiny-looking, one mile away. And you can imagine the quickened heart-beat, the flushed cheek, the nervous finger, when Boers first saw those far-famed "Soldiers of the Queen," the legions of khaki that had swept Dargai

a white flag waved, and the Boers hurried to the laager.

There they found one hundred and thirty-five men of the Eighteenth Hussars, the Dublin Fusileers and the Sixtieth Rifles, crouching by the stonework, a sorry lot, unshaven, hungry, wet and soiled. Amazement on both sides was extreme; the Boers marveling at their easy victory, the English astonished to hear their mother-tongue spoken so perfectly among barbarians. The Irish Fusileers in turn were confounded to find so many of their countrymen fighting with the Boers.

Good feeling prevailed, however, and the prisoners were plentifully supplied with



THE IRISH-AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS BEING ADDRESSED BY PRESIDENT KRÜGER.

and crushed the Mahdi! But even then the grim patriots were in no wise disheartened. They would have fought had the British been as the sands of the sea. They had in mind liberty and justice. Tommy was fighting for a shilling a day.

The fight began with rifle-fire from two kopjes, which the British answered in a straggling way, and ended with a half-dozen shells that dropped right inside the stone wall. As the mist thickened again, Boer infantry and artillery rushed up to a position within one thousand yards, prepared to raze the British camp, but there was no opportunity. In a rift of daylight

hot coffee, fresh meat and dry clothes before being shipped to Pretoria. There they remained objects of curiosity until so many wholesale captures made them commonplace.

Navigation Collieries was a part of the battle variously described as Dundee and Talana Hill. It resulted from the concentrated movement of three columns under General Joubert, who, taking care of the main column himself, intrusted the others to Viljoen, Botha, Erasmus and Meyer. The Boers numbered about twelve thousand. They had left their farms, cleaned their rifles, packed their wagons and re-



BOER RESERVES WATCHING DE WET'S ATTACK AT SANNAH POST.

ported for duty, all in twenty-four hours. The entire army mobilized in two days, one detachment moving upon Kimberley and Mafeking, where several engagements took place prior to the battle of Dundee, the other and larger force seizing strong positions in the mountain-passes of the Drakensberg.

The British war department had called out the army reserves on October 6th, three days before the Boers sent their "ultimatum," and it was almost a certainty that Natal would be invaded. But up to the last moment Englishmen could not believe that Krüger had so great temerity. Lieutenant Stirling, of the First King's Royal Rifles, who was stationed at Dundee along with seven thousand others, under the command of Sir Penn Symons, said after the battle: "We paraded as usual in the morning, 4:30. We had dismissed the men, and went back for a cup of tea, when one of our fellows said, 'There they are!' Of course, we all laughed, went and got our glasses, and saw them all on two hills, two or three miles away. We were so

amazed we must have stood there for nearly a quarter of an hour, when suddenly a shell brought us to our senses."

Ben Viljoen—for it was his command the English saw—had planted his cannon on Talana Hill, and in a few minutes shells were singing and splashing all over the British camp. The burghers lay behind rocks on the hillsides. It was Sir Penn Symons' plan to charge their position. The order came, "Dublins first line, Rifles second, Fusiliers third," and Col. Robert Gunning said, as he called together the non-commissioned officers: "Now quietly, lads. Remember Majuba, God and our country."

Up over hedges, ditches, stone walls and nullahs the British infantry rushed, deploying, charging and maneuvering during a space of four hours in their attempt to dislodge the enemy. In the midst of it an awful thing happened—the English artillery, mistaking the Fusiliers for Boers, began firing on them. Colonel Gunning stood up, calling out, "Stop that firing," when a bullet plunged through his heart.

Sir Penn Symons met a similar fate. Mortally wounded and suffering intense agony, he asked, "Oh, tell me, have they taken the hill yet?" Two hours later the hill was taken, the Boers in retreat, but they had accomplished great havoc. The British casualties included two hundred and fifty killed and wounded and two hundred and twenty missing.

From that time on events followed tragic and tumultuous in Natal. General Yule succeeded Sir Penn Symons, and after a terrible march, or rather flight, reached Ladysmith, where his exhausted troops rested, making the garrison that was to become historic—in all thirteen thousand.

followed was a wild, ripping entertainment where men sang "God Save the Queen" and the "Volksleid" impartially and confusedly. It was told of one Hollander that he drank so deeply as to drop on the veldt and lie there in a stupor all next day, unconscious of the battle, and passed over by the English, who thought him dead.

The Boer losses at Elandslaagte were dire, including the capture of Captain Schiel, the German leader, and the death of poor old General Koch, a Judge-Advocate of Pretoria. He was found almost nude, his white-bearded face upturned to the stars, lying beside his dead son. The majority



A BOER HOWITZER BATTERY.

Previous to that, however, was fought the battle of Elandslaagte, an engagement made notorious by the inconceivable brutality of lancers and dragoons, together with the folly of Germans and Hollanders in the Boer Foreign Legion.

The latter seized the railroad station at Elandslaagte on the night of October 20th, and neglecting to cut the wires, penned up the stationmaster in his operating-room. He thereupon, very thoughtfully, telegraphed to the British camp for aid. That evening the Foreign Legion looted a supply train filled with "military stores"—tennis-rackets, polo-sticks, chess-boards and brandy. The smoking concert that

of Boers, in their hopeless attempt to escape or surrender, fell victims to British lance or saber.

Of this feature, a private in the First King's Royal Rifles says: "It was a great but terrible sight to see those horsemen hew their way through the Boers. Three times they rode, hacking, cutting, slashing. Some of the Boers died in praying attitudes. Many clasped their arms above their heads and begged for mercy. But they had shown no mercy to us—this was our revenge."

Mr. W. Williams, of the Sixty-sixth Battery, who afterward received the Distinguished Conduct medal at Colenso, wrote

to his father saying: "I got hold of one Boer, and I was mad. He did not know what I meant when I spoke, so I made motions for him to run for his life. So he went, and I galloped after him with the sergeant's sword and cut his head right off his body. Then a lancer went after two that were on one horse, and put his lance right through their backs and whirled them in the air."

A British officer whose letter is quoted in the London "Times" of November 13, 1899, described the scene as follows: "After the enemy were driven out, one of our squadrons pursued and got right in among them in the twilight and the most excellent pig-sticking ensued for about ten minutes, the bag being about sixty. Had it not been getting dark we should have killed many more."

Anent all of which the mildest comment one could make was that of a British Lieutenant who remarked to me that he did not blame the lancers for giving way to passion at such a moment, but to write of the thing he considered "shocking bad taste."

With the evacuation of Dundee, which gave the Boers one million dollars' worth of supplies and a chest full of documents showing that war had been planned against the Transvaal as early as 1897, England thought it high time to stop trifling. So Gen. Sir Redvers Buller, a tried veteran and relentless fighter, was selected to ad-

minister the coup de grace. He promised to eat Christmas dinner in Pretoria, and all his luggage was marked thereto. He arrived in time to find Ladysmith isolated and besieged; Joubert raiding Natal, securing all the cattle; and the Boers mobilizing in northern Cape Colony and the Free State. He prepared to cross the Tugela and relieve Ladysmith. That was imperative.

While he made those preparations, waiting for the arrival of sixty thousand troops and massive guns from the British battle-ships, happened that series of terrific and mortal engagements for the relief of Kimberley, where Cecil Rhodes was immured. These included Methuen's attack at Belmont with the Guards Brigade and Ninth Brigade; Graspan; Modder River; Stormberg, and finally Magersfontein. There brave General Wauchopé met death and the Black Watch, England's most illustrious regiment, was almost wiped out of existence in one sheet of rifle-fire. In



CAPTURED IRISH FUSILIERS AND THEIR BOER GUARD  
AT GLENCOE.

each engagement, whether or not the Boers retreated, England sacrificed hundreds of men and officers. She waited now for Buller to erase the stain.

This General thereupon conceived the idea, monstrous and foolhardy, of crossing the Tugela above Colenso, where the Boers, under Louis Botha, were strongly intrenched on a semicircular crest of hills beyond which lay the besieged and starving Ladysmith. At this time the Boers



SECRETARY REITZ, WAR CORRESPONDENTS AND THE AMERICAN MESSENGER-BOY.

had for artillery four long-toms; six twelve-pound howitzers; eight Krupp field-cannon; six Creusot guns; three Maxim-Nordenfeldts, known as "pom-poms"; half a dozen Maxims; and one Austrian cannon, a sample that was never used. The guns were divided among the forces in the Free State, Natal and western Transvaal. The total strength of their army was thirty-five thousand. England had in the field one hundred and eighty thousand, with a dozen transports on the way.

Louis Botha, a farmer thirty-six years of age and unskilled in war, observed the British massing in great numbers on December 13th and 14th. He was convinced that Buller intended to assault, and conjectured that the three points of attack would be a bridle-drift on the left, a railroad bridge on the center and an open plain on the right. His defenses had been made and his men stationed under a cover of darkness. Buller

gave no cause to change men or position.

He began by sending forward the Imperial Light Horse and infantry on the right flank; and so careless had been the scouting that these men, rifles slung upon shoulders, talking and laughing, were with-

in sixty yards before the burghers opened up a galling fire that resulted in terrific slaughter. Seeing this failure, Buller then ordered an advance of the left across the bridle-drift six miles higher up on the Tugela. But here again Botha had posted the Swaziland and Zoutpansberg commandoes, men accustomed to shoot wild beasts on the veldt, cool-nerved and unerring of aim. They allowed the British to come within two hundred yards before letting loose a volley that turned the Tugela into flowing blood. The English troops—Dublins, Connaught Rangers, Inniskilens and Borderers—here made five charges through a stream that was sown with barbed wire. "I never thought



A VETERAN OF ALL THE WARS AGAINST THE BRITISH, WHO IS STILL IN THE FIELD.

human beings could be so brave," declared General Botha.

The third and last attack was in the center, where was stationed the Krügersdorp commando called the "Transvaal Black Watch." They also reserved their fire, but when they did open, the fusillade was so terrible that nothing could live therein. The Boer fire was so incessant, indeed, that all the guns and horses of an Armstrong battery in the right center were shot away, and the tide of battle now turned where Briton and Boer were striving to get possession of these twelve guns. Buller called for volunteers to save them, and five attempts were made, in

the man who lost ten guns at Colenso."

Thus ended the first chapter of the Boer war.

With the ghastly repulse at Colenso the British Empire realized what Krüger meant when he said England might win but the price would "stagger humanity." A cry of rage and despair went up from the mother-country and her colonies. Australia and Canada, both intensely loyal, equipped splendidly mounted troops at their own expense—Bushmen, New Zealanders, Light Horse, Rough Riders.

England, however, was only hardened in heart by failure, and grew sanguine again

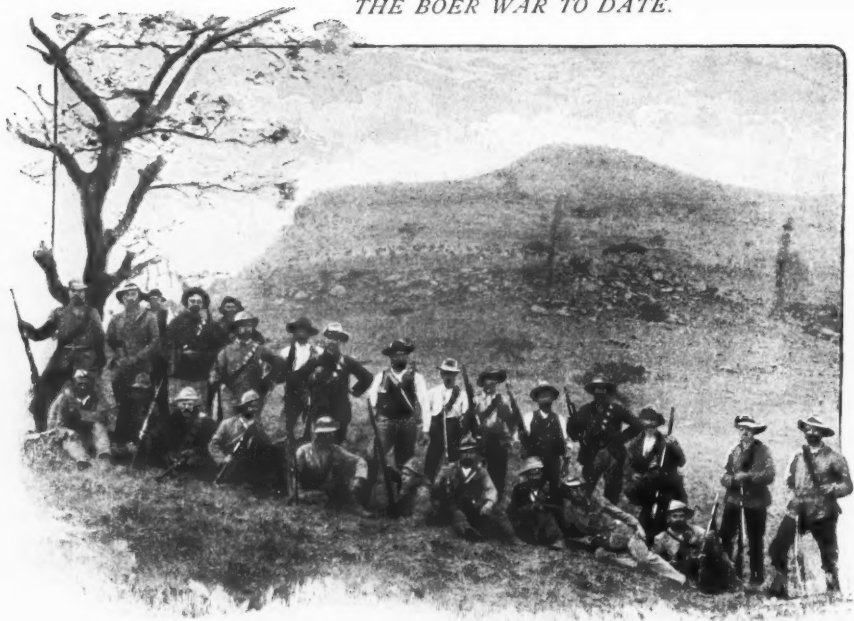


A BOER COMMANDO HOLDING SERVICES OVER A FALLEN COMRADE.

one of which Lieutenant Roberts, son of Lord Roberts, was mortally wounded. As soon as one party had been shot down, another took its place, until the spot was a perfect shambles, and the British were in full retreat before the precious guns were abandoned. When a company of Boers hurried across the Tugela to drag the cannon away, they found horses and men piled up high, with Colonel Bullock and a dozen artillerymen still savagely resisting. The Colonel drew his revolver to shoot the first Boer, but was hit on the mouth with a rifle-butt. He afterward became deranged, and in the Pretoria prison went about with a placard reading: "I am

when Lords Roberts of Kandahar and Kitchener of Khartoum were chosen to subdue the Boers. It looked now truly as though the contest must end, with warriors of such renown to lead. These two arrived at Cape Town on January 10th, and Roberts immediately organized an army of one hundred and thirty thousand, which was to sweep north in one mighty column. Before he was well started occurred the battle of Spion Kop, where, after the bloodiest engagement that had yet taken place, were found the dead bodies of six hundred English. Many fell in hand-to-hand conflict with the Boers, who, under Louis Botha, fought their bravest battle.

## THE BOER WAR TO DATE.



SPION KOP THE DAY BEFORE THE BATTLE.

But Spion Kop was the last gasp for the burgher army in Natal. Men and horses were completely tired from constant vigilance, and Roberts' approach from the south, threatening the very citadel of Pretoria, called for concentration of troops in the Free State. General Botha told me that for two months he had but three thousand men to guard a front of thirty miles. It was done by swiftly changing position every night, dragging the heavy cannon from kopje to kopje, in order that the English might not know the true situation.

When Buller made his fifth and last attempt, therefore, to cross the Tugela, he found little opposition, and on February 28th his victorious army entered the shell-plowed streets of Ladysmith. It is history that his troops marched half-way through the town before getting a single cheer, so gaunt, gloomy and hunger-stricken were those who had endured the siege. What enlivened them more than relief was the news that Cronje, the day before, had surrendered at Paardeberg with four thousand and eighty men, together with guns, women and little children.

It was this news, too, that shook the very

foundations of the Boer resistance, for they could ill stand such loss, and Cronje, "the Lion of the Transvaal," was held one of their most able generals. Cronje, a determined but obstinate man, is roundly blamed to this day by the Boer leaders for hurting the cause. They assert that his instructions bade him only to move quickly in a semicircle that he might strike the British a severe blow and then return. Instead of which, the conqueror of Jameson went into laager at Paardeberg under the belief that he could whip the whole English army. His resistance was gallant enough, heaven knows, for during eight days he stood a bombardment from one hundred and ten guns, until the garrison was nearly suffocated with lyddite fumes. But his valor was costly to the Boers.

The burghers were in no mind to give in yet, though Oom Paul was moved to make overtures of peace again to Lord Salisbury. On their haughty refusal, and all chance of intervention seeming afar off, Krüger called upon his people to continue the struggle as long as ten burghers were left. The appeal was answered from an unexpected source.

Up to that time the Free Staters, though active in the Natal campaign, had not rendered such conspicuous service as the Transvaal burghers, and there was some ill feeling on that account. Now, under the leadership of Christian De Wet, they began a series of attacks that astonished both armies. By forced marches in the night De Wet jumped from one place to another—Wepener, Thaba'Nchu, Fourteen Streams, Brandfort, Sannah Post—striking Kitchener, Maxwell, Hamilton and French, with such vigor and skill that no one could tell his numbers. The Transvaal

would be able to change their tactics.

On and on swept Roberts, letting De Wet slip through his fingers to raid Cape Colony. But the Englishman cared not for that. He supposed that, Pretoria fallen, the Boer cause would be lost. How little importance Krüger attached to that was illustrated by his reception of an American messenger-boy at the very moment when Roberts was pounding at the gates of Pretoria with his naval guns. This was an incident that could have happened in no other country than a simple, generous republic like the Transvaal.



PRESIDENT STEYN SURROUNDED BY FREE STATE LEADERS.

Boers, accustomed to fighting from a "position," were amazed at this dodging in the open, and De Wet's tactics put hope in Krüger's heart.

But it soon became evident that the Boer ranks were too much depleted to withstand the advance of such overpowering numbers on a comparatively level plain. The burghers complained that they could get no positions, and, falling back day after day, gave the impression of want of courage. "You cannot force a Boer to fight in any but his own style," said Botha. He himself hardly expected that his countrymen

Jimmy Smith, commissioned by the school-children of Philadelphia to deliver a memorial to President Krüger, had traveled ten thousand miles for the purpose, appreciating which the head of the state gave him audience, though the boy's appearance at that moment was like the thirteenth stroke of a crazy clock. Everybody else in Pretoria was trying to get away. Cavalry and artillery thundered along the streets, a great mob was busy sacking the government stores, and hysterical refugees flocked to the railroad station hoping to get passage eastward.

In the midst of this excitement Jimmy Smith walked in, accompanied by Hugh Sutherland and James Archibald, two American newspaper-men, and calmly announced that he must see President Krüger. "But," pleaded Secretary Reitz of Mr. Archibald, who espoused Smith's cause, "this is the crisis of the republic. A war council is even now deciding whether Pretoria shall stand a siege or surrender. I would do anything for Americans, but not this."

"Let the boy in," directed Krüger when the deputation, which also included Richard Harding Davis and myself, arrived at Oom Paul's house, and poor Mr. Reitz wrung his hands in anguish. His Honor was good enough to greet us kindly, shake hands, and make a speech in reply to Jimmy Smith. Mr. Sutherland then came forward with a dress-suit case containing myriad clippings from American newspapers portraying our sympathy with the Boers, which seemed to delight Krüger.

That same night Oom Paul bade good-by to his wife, whom he was never to see again on earth, and quietly departed, with his Cabinet. A few days later, a little flag belonging to Lady Roberts fluttered from the mast on the Capitol building in Pretoria, and ten thousand English in solid square below sang "God Save the Queen"—a requiem for the Boer nation. And thus closed the second chapter.

The third and passing epoch is current news. We know that the English have thus far spent \$800,000,000 on the war, and have, according to their own account, lost in killed 548 officers and 5,823 men; in wounded 1,529 officers and 28,032 men; in missing 11 officers and 1,000 men. The deaths from disease and accident

number 10,738. No burgher credits these figures. The Boers still have 15,000 men in the field. There is a government with Schalk Burger as acting President, and Krüger still holding the real title in Holland, where his people requested him to go, he being too old to be of service on the veldt.

Kitchener's proclamations began by condemning all Boer farms lying on the railroad ways; they now include the total devastation of the two republics. The Boers' women and children are gathered in reconcentration camps, where they are dying off at the rate of one thousand per month. How uncalled-for is this mortality can be appreciated by him who has lived in the Transvaal and enjoyed its delicious climate. In no spot does the stranger mark so many persons of great age. Death in the Transvaal was once an infrequent thing.

The present policy of the British to exterminate the Boers has thus far been suffered with extreme forbearance. Even when Kitchener executed three burghers for wearing khaki, though his own Afrianders are clad in garb so like the Boers' that one cannot tell them apart, there was no retaliation. But this will not continue. The Boers are still actuated by patriotism, a motive that Britons cannot understand and that Americans seem to think has ceased to exist. But it urges the Transvaal warrior, like him of ancient Rome, to return with his shield or be borne upon it. The Boers also have their religion, and, as the late Benjamin Harrison said, "a people which enters upon a campaign praying and singing psalms is not to be despised."

The fourth chapter will tell either of a United South Africa or of a struggle desperate as of victim and executioner, hatred unquenchable, "no quarter" and death.



BRITISH SOLDIERS ENJOYING A PLUNGE WHILE PRISONERS OF THE BOERS.



RESTING.

## AN ETCHER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

THE writer who first made Helleu's etchings and pastels known in England is Frederick Wedmore, whose "Etching in England" contains a chapter on the Frenchman's work, with three illustrations which are still characteristic, although since this introduction Helleu has produced etchings which in point of interest and effectiveness surpass those in Mr. Wedmore's book.

The chapter on Helleu ends the volume, but it is introduced with some interesting remarks on the general subject of dry-point, in which Helleu excels. As Mr. Wedmore says, the copper on which some master of etching will, sometimes in an hour, engrave in dry-point the latest of his conceptions, the newest impression he has received from the world, is, like the pages of a draftsman's sketch-book, the revelation of just that thing that strikes him the most. How true this is of Helleu's work no one familiar with it need be told. It seems to me like the quintessence of the

effect of the moment—the pose, the glance, the poise of the head, the wave of the hand, the gesture of the arm, the curve of the body which lasts but a moment and then melts into its successor. Nothing more truly applies to Helleu's etchings than the term "snap-shots." It is as if his eyes were the lenses of the camera and transferred what he saw at the instant upon a photographic plate; yet not all that he saw, but only the essential facts. It is in the delineation of what an artist regards as the essential facts of the subject that he betrays his character or temperament, even if his knowledge of his own limitations bounds his range of selection. As Mr. Wedmore says, the work of the great etchers—Rembrandt apart, and he was practically unlimited—shows this. Seymour Haden attempted the figure, but, although he was a surgeon by profession, so that it might seem that the human figure would naturally appeal to his stylus, it interested him less than the curve of a river, the lights and



CONSUELO, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

shadows of an old garden or the broken surface of a Dorset heath. In the same way those things which seem most fitted to Mr. Whistler's technique, which he could most readily embrace, also are those which he has most frequently etched.

Indeed, it will be found that with nearly all successful artists the peculiarities of their technique rather than the inspiration of their emotion have most to do with their selection of subjects. Possibly in no etcher is this more apparent than in Helleu, whose dry-point seems to follow every incident in the daily life of the refined

interior which appeals to him sympathetically.

No subject is more evanescent, more changeable, than a beautiful woman, and it is woman in the full freshness of youth and of a refined, characteristic beauty that Helleu delights to transfer to permanent form with the sweeping, delicate touch of his stylus. His lines are free and rapidly executed, whereas an artist whose subject is, say, a rural scene, which presents the same aspect all day and perhaps for days at a time, may work more slowly and with greater minuteness. It is Helleu's sensi-

tive temperament and artistic technique which lead him to devote himself, as he does, to women and children amid refined surroundings.

But if I have called Helleu's dry-points of beautiful women and children snapshots, it is not because they have the photographic hardness of detail. For their very charm lies in the fact that they are done with the fewest possible lines; each line, however, representing in itself the sum total of a hundred lines. If I may use such a paradoxical expression as the "epoch of an instant," that will apply to every line in Helleu's dry-points and pastels. Thus it will be seen that Helleu is far from the "likeness-taker" in the ordinary acceptance of that word. Through every line, through every subject, the artist's own individuality asserts itself with a dexterity of craftsmanship that is little short of the marvelous.

It was James Tissot, famous as the artist of the "Life of Christ," who first inspired Helleu with a desire to do work in dry-point. Tissot, as an etcher, is almost unknown to the present generation, but he was "a bold and sometimes graceful recorder of contemporary life with the etch-

ing-needle." It is contemporary life, the life of a refined and exquisite household as summed up in the single figure of a beautiful woman or child, which Helleu portrays with a remarkable economy of means, that marks him as one of the greatest masters of technique and etching. In this he surpasses Tissot, who may be said to have had some share in the formation of a craftsman

more subtle, a poet far more sensitive, than himself.

Some years ago, when an exhibition of Helleu's etchings and pastels was being held in New York, Mr. Keppel prepared a pretty brochure on the subject of this artist and his method. This brochure was eagerly taken up and now is practically out of print. Therein Mr. Keppel made the statement that scarcely one of the seventy or eighty faces which up to that time had been executed by the brilliant and de-



A PORTRAIT STUDY.

lightful etcher had involved more than a single sitting on the part of model or artist. An hour or two of strenuous, enjoyable, untired labor sufficed for the production of each dainty, each masterly work. In an hour or a couple of hours the lady of Helleu's choice has found herself recorded on the copper plate—she and whatever accessories were deemed desirable to indicate her

milieu, to place her amidst the surroundings which assist in emphasizing her position in life. And so of the child.

In all Helleu's work there are only three or four portraits of men. To quote Edmond de Goncourt, these dry-points of Helleu are "les instantanés de la grace de la femme"—"snap-shots at the charm of modern womanhood"—or at the

grace of refined childhood. Mr. Wedmore remarks that in Helleu's etched work the connoisseur will welcome what is practically the complement of the etched work of Van Dyck, who, in his score or so of plates (wonderful painter of women though he was), undertook only the portraiture of certain distinguished men.

There is an alertness in Helleu's art. Dignified age, such as Rembrandt portrayed or such as Whistler produced in the portrait of his mother, the Frenchman never attempts to realize. Everything about his work

is spontaneous—movement in being or movement only just suspended. His people have the absolute freedom of naturalness, the complete absence of self-consciousness of well-bred mortals whose presence gives an agreeable atmosphere to the scene. When you have looked through his plates you have the sense that you have been "living" in the intimacy of charming people who in

their daily ways turn this way and that, stoop, stretch themselves, smile, get suddenly grave, dress themselves, lift their eyes inquiringly, or toss the great long hair upon their shoulders."

When Helleu exhibited his work in England, De Goncourt prefaced the catalogue with the following charming letter:—

"MY DEAR HELLEU: You do me the honor of asking me to introduce your work briefly to the English public.

"I do this with great pleasure; although I do not conceal from myself the great difficulty of speaking worthily of these dry-points of yours—at once so delicate and so suggestive of color, in which every line on the copper shows the artist in you.

"Your work has for its inspiration that dear model who fills all your compositions with her dainty elegance. It is a sort of monograph on Woman, in all the infinitely varied attitudes of her



IDLE THOUGHTS.

intimate home-life. We see her with her head lazily resting on the back of an arm-chair; or kneeling before an open fire, her face prettily turned toward the mantel, the graceful curves of her whole body being seen; or seated in a reverie as she holds in her hand the foot crossed upon her knee; or reading, while one lock of hair strays down her cheek, the tip-tilted nose



WAITING.

assuming a questioning air, as with lips barely parted she seems to be happily interpreting what she reads; or else sleeping, her head sunk in the pillow, the line of her shoulders vaguely seen, her profile lost except for a glimpse of her pretty little nose, and her eye closed beneath its dark curved lashes.

"Thus is my lady represented in her home. When she goes out of doors we see her again in that wonderful plate, 'A Woman Standing before the Watteau Drawings in the Louvre.' Look at her, as with one hand resting on her umbrella she bends her graceful, undulating figure and contem-

plates those three immortal drawings of the Imecourt collection.

"No, I really can give these dry-points no other title than to call them 'Glimpses of the Grace of Woman.'"

"Believe me, my dear Helleu,

"EDMOND DE GONCOURT."

Helleu, the dry-point etcher of beautiful women and children, is a tall, slender, hand-

some, black-haired man, about forty years old. His skin is quite dark, and his general aspect is so Oriental that when his intimate friend, Sargent, was painting his frieze of the Hebrew prophets for the Boston Library, he had his friend Helleu pose as the prophet Malachi, and the likeness is admirable.

The etcher is a typical Parisian artist in most respects; but in one particular he differs from many of them. It is

because his chief happiness is in the society of his beautiful wife and his young children. He is the most "domesticated" of men, and, in consequence, one of the happiest of men. He is most fastidious in the choice of his models, and nothing could induce him to undertake a portrait of any lady whom he does not consider beautiful. One result of his good reputation as a "family man" is that many ladies of high position—especially English ladies of high birth—are

glad to pose for Helleu. The result is generally an exquisite portrait which he calls "Mademoiselle X" or "Madame B." The great lady is gratified to have her portrait so beautifully done, but no one except the artist and those who recognize the sitter has any clue to the identity of the model. Helleu, who has made portraits of the daughters of the Duchess of Manchester and of the young Duchess

of Marlborough, is enthusiastic as to the distinction and grace of the young American Duchess and her perfect mastery of the French language.

Helleu has had a perfect training as a painter, and it was only after his very successful course in the *École des Beaux-Arts* that a happy incident turned his attention to dry-point work (for he never uses aquafortis on his copper plates). He saw a friend, James Tissot



LA DUCHESSE.

the painter, at work on a dry-point plate and was fired with a desire to try one himself. His success was so pronounced that Tissot taught him all that he himself knew about dry-pointing.

He also made Helleu a present of a small point of diamond fixed in a handle, and it is with this little implement that all of Helleu's dry-point plates have been wrought. He looks upon this opportune gift of Tissot's as a sort of porte-bonheur,

or "mascot." In every one of his coats there is a deep and very narrow pocket to hold the lucky little diamond, and he declares that if it should be lost he would never use another.

This using of a diamond point instead of the usual steel point gives to Helleu's plates a peculiar aspect, or flavor. With a steel point he could never produce the free, sweeping lines which are so characteristic and personal in his work.

Although Helleu lives in handsome style—and can well afford it—yet he is wasteful and extravagant in only one particular. It is that he destroys his beautiful plates before they have yielded more than six, ten or twenty proofs, and long before they begin to wear out. "I don't like to have any work of mine too common," is his explanation of this wastefulness. Some of his etchings are so much admired that large editions of them might be sold. But—alas for the would-be purchasers!—the happy few who secure the half-dozen impressions to which this fastidious artist limits the number of prints before he engraves the ominous line, "*Planche destruite*," upon his plate, are the only ones who can revel in the possession of these exquisite things.

He has a great desire to visit the United States, and it is arranged that when the great painter Sargent comes here his friend Helleu will accompany him. Sargent indeed has had great influence on Helleu's career, and the etcher's fine tribute to the American artist, given below, will be read with deep interest.

Helleu was born at Vannes in 1859, of a Breton father and a Parisian mother, both of them with a taste for art and some talent in drawing. On the paternal side



IN WINTER'S GARB.

he is a descendant of Le Quinio, one of the cruelest figures of the Revolution, to whom André Chénier thus referred in an unfinished poem on the Supreme Being:

"Your eye, which sees all things, without reducing them to ashes penetrates into the prison cells where the Couthans and the Le Quinios lie reclined upon corpses, gnawing human bones."

Is it not curious to see the grandson of the terrible Le Quinio gravely his dry-points in the very spot where the great André wrote his last verses?

Helleu was a bad pupil at boarding-



MONSIEUR HELLEU'S DAUGHTER ELLEN.

school, substituting sketching for his duties. We are told that Galland, who knew Helleu from the commencement of this period, admired these early drawings, many of which came into his possession and may some day reappear. He is a reader of refined tastes: he enjoys Balzac, cites Montesquieu and is pleased with Renan's "Prayer Which I Made Upon the Acropolis When I Arrived at an Understanding of Its Perfect Beauty."

It was not until 1893 that this young painter made his appearance in the "Journal" of Goncourt, who hitherto had seemed to ignore him. Goncourt enters: "Tissot has brought Helleu to see me; he has made

up his mind to make an etching of me." And later: "——Helleu the painter, feverish of eye, with a preoccupied expression, and withal his skin and hair as black as a crow." In a few lines this is a lifelike portrait, sufficiently true to fact. What is lacking is some description of a black beard à la Francis d'Assisi, which appears with admirable lifelikeness beneath a boatman's hat in a sketch by Sargent in which the painter is represented, beside his charming young wife, painting at the bottom of a small boat.

Again, compare the written portrait with that most unique and precious plate of faience whereon Boldini, a ceramist for the nonce, has reproduced the countenance of his friend (at that time a decorator in Deck's), the latter himself engaged in skillfully delineating in the center of a plate the sharp profile of a celebrated beauty.

"While he is working," writes De Goncourt, "bending over the copper plate which reflects its red upon his face, he confesses to me his taste for bibelots, his love for the sculptured woods of the eighteenth century, and he declares that for the work in hand, a picture sold for only two thousand francs, he has just bought a frame



REFLECTION.



A STUDY IN EASE.

ornamented with the arms of France for one thousand five hundred francs."

Of a series of etchings with Versailles as their royal subject, Mirbeau has this to say: "The basin, with its deep-bronzed waters, in which are so many somber reflections, the rose and bright copper color of the foliage which surrounds it—analyze what this water is made up of, and you will admire the conscientiousness as well as the insight of this passionate artist. . . . And that little marble satyr who plays on the flute while gales of wind unroot the trees and whirl dead leaves around him—

what a charming idea, what simple grace! One must love a man like that, he is so thoroughly human."

All the serious prettinesses of early childhood are spied upon, surprised, and caught by a painter who is a father: the little artist trying to draw a ball of silk, a fat rogue in rose-colored velvet; the little girl who whispers into the ear of her wooden horse, or she who passes a jeweled comb through her doll's wig; and that most exquisite little babe kissing in secret the naked arm of a young girl.

The Parisiennes of Helleu from the very

beginning characterized and differentiated themselves by a distinguished and inimitable refinement. From their toilet, preferably sober if not somber, one would say they were Englishwomen dressed in the Rue de la Paix or Frenchwomen gowned in London. A sort of elegant poise, with nothing garish or bright, makes many a young woman with taste eager so to array herself, an unconscious model for Helleu, in a drawing-room or on the streets. "Only yesterday," writes one of his friends, "I saw his last model, a young American lady thoughtfully pretty, slender, tall and gracious. Certain elective affinities of taste, what I might call tactfulness of Fate, brought the painter and the subject to a meeting."

"What do you wish me to say

about you, Helleu?" Count Robert de Montesquiou asked him, apropos of an article the critic was preparing.

"Say," answered Helleu, "that at the École des Beaux-Arts, when I was fifteen years old, I was the only one who loved Manet and Monet, and for that reason I had sixty fellow-pupils howling at my heels. Now they all paint in violet . . .

and I—don't! Say also, say especially, how great a thing it was for me before my début, how great it has always been, to have the friendship, unwavering, unfaltering, deep as that of a father, gracious as that of an elder brother, of one of the first artists of the period, whose talent you appreciate, John Sargent, the

great artist of the portrait of Madame Gauthevean—a masterpiece which well-nigh condemned him to leave our country under the shock of a repellent lack of comprehension. Say how much I owe him! Say how deep is the gratitude I bear him!"

Montesquiou himself pays this tribute to Helleu and to the wife who so often has served him as a model:

"The man of an only god, Art; of an only mas-



MADemoiselle DELBIE.

ter, the proved friend; of an only woman, the charming model who lends the elegant life of her body to all these compositions, unable to make a movement that is not one of grace and elegance and whom ten times a day the painter seeks to surprise, the multiform Alice, whose rosy hair has gilded with its reflection so many copper mirrors."

## EARLY OPERA IN AMERICA.

By C. D. HESS.

UNDER the well-established conceit that success in any of the pursuits and occupations of mankind throughout the civilized world shall be measured by the resulting accumulation of wealth, it will be interesting to view the subject of grand opera in America retrospectively, and thus determine whether the amount of business acumen and vital energy that has been expended in the promotion of grand opera would not have found more profitable employment in almost any walk of commercial and general business life. From this practical standpoint I shall review the history of opera in America from early days down to an era that is fresh in the memory of nearly all opera-goers of the present day.

By far the most familiar figure that occurs in my visions of the past is Max Maretzek, who in my opinion to this day stands pre-eminent as manager and director from the earliest days to the present. I make this assertion in view of the vast difficulties encountered in those early days, when singers of requisite ability were extremely rare in America, and artists, musicians and chorus-singers must be imported by comparatively primitive means. Excellent performances were generally given by the companies under the baton of this earnest, shrewd and enthusiastic director, who not only kept New York, Boston and Phila-

delphia well supplied with this great luxury in music but made frequent trips, with his whole company, chorus and orchestra, to the then far-distant shores of Cuba and Mexico.

Prior to the establishment of the New Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street, New York, in 1854, Italian opera had been given at various places in the metropolis,

by small companies as a rule, but many artists of renown, mostly Italian, had been introduced. Maretzek had utilized for this purpose the Astor Place Opera House, Niblo's Garden, and Castle Garden in Battery Park. He had competitors in those early days: notably James H. Hackett, the comedian and the ideal Falstaff, who brought the great artists Grisi and Mario to this country in 1853; Edward Fry; Bernard Ullmann; Maurice Strakosch, and others. The



ADELINA AND CARLO PATTI.

result, however, proved to be beneficial to Maretzek ultimately, in that he obtained many important artists and choristers through the failures of his opponents without having the expense of importing them. Of the celebrated artists who appeared in this country, most of them under the baton of Max Maretzek, between 1844 and 1869, may be mentioned Henrietta Sontag, Marietta Alboni, Bina Steffanoni, Madame de La Grange, Madame Gazzaniga, Signors Brignoli, Susini, Amodio, Errani,



WILLIAM T. CARLETON.

Bellini, Mazzolini; Mesdames Maria Piccolomini, Laborde, D'Angri, Theresa Parodi, Frezzolini, Fabbri, Rose Devries and Adelina Patti. Of the artists conspicuous in the early '50s, the most remarkable is Adelina Patti, whose phenomenal career as the world's greatest cantatrice has had active demonstration down to the present day. Many different accounts are given of Patti's early identification with the stage. As a "prodigy" she first appeared at a concert given under Maretzek's direction, with Madame Parodi as the star attraction, at Tripler Hall in New York, on June 8, 1852. Her first appearance in opera was made in 1859 under the management of Bernard Ullmann and Maurice Strakosch in "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Academy of Music. From that time on she made remarkable progress, appearing at different times in "La Sonnambula," "Il Trovatore,"

"Rigoletto," "The Huguenots," "Don Pasquale," "Martha," "Linda," "The Daughter of the Regiment" and others, and making occasional trips to Western and Southern cities. Generally she was managed by her brother-in-law, Maurice Strakosch, whose wife, Amalia, was the eldest child of the Pattis. At the outbreak of the Civil War she sailed for Europe with her father, Salvator Patti, and, with Maurice Strakosch as manager, made her first appearance at Covent Garden, London, as Amina in "La Sonnambula" early in May, 1861.

Since that time she has never returned to the United States with the intention of remaining. Her occasional visits under the management of Mapleson, Abbey and Maurice Grau, and the enormous sums of money which she has obtained through the endeavors of these gentlemen, are facts well known to the majority of Americans of the present day.

Italian grand opera in the period I write

JOSEPH  
MAAS.

WILLIAM CASTLE.



INEZ FABBRI, KARL FORMES AND ANNIE ELZER.

great prima donnas Mademoiselle Piccolomini and Madame Laborde, the tenors Tamaro and Perring, the baritones Gassier and Ardavani, and the world-renowned bassos Karl Formes and Susini. A Southern tour was then determined on. Piccolomini with a part of the company went directly to Charleston, while Karl Formes and the others made for Richmond. Unquestionably the two great stars of the Ullmann and Strakosch company were Piccolomini and Karl Formes. The impression created by the former during her only season in America made her the talk and wonder of that time. But, alas for Ullmann and Strakosch! she gaily sailed away to London at the close of the season with a plethora of American dollars, leaving them to contemplate the empty honor of having presented the great Piccolomini to American audiences, and a debt of many thousands to the stockholders of the New York Academy of Music.

The following season, 1859-60, Ullmann and Strakosch made up a smaller and less expensive company for the Academy of Music from the remnants of their great organization of the year before, and, with Adelina Patti as their star, managed to get along for a time; but they soon succumbed to the inevitable. Maurice Strakosch took Adelina Patti on a concert tour,

of was a rare and expensive amusement, seldom enjoyed outside of six or seven of the more important cities of the United States. New York was the only city where seasons of more than one or two weeks were attempted, and disruptions were frequent. I remember that in 1854 when I was a "utility boy" in Marsh & Ellsler's dramatic company at the old Museum in Utica, New York, a party of six or eight Italian artists, headed by the famous Rose Devries and conducted by Arditì, gave "La Sonnambula." We had to furnish a chorus, and I remember that Madame Devries had often to interrupt her performance to laugh at us.

Disasters often occurred in New York, too. I recall the failure of Ullmann and Maurice Strakosch, in 1858, at the Academy of Music, with the



EMMA ABBOTT.



C. D. HESS IN 1877, AND TO-DAY.

tion in America of Halévy's grand opera 'La Juive.' It is a notable fact that in the earlier days of grand opera in this country, when salaries and the prices of seats were many degrees lower than at present, the problem of presenting several great singers in one company, with their names in equal-sized type upon the bills, without the frictions or disagreements which have fallen to the lot of grand-opera managers in later days, was comparatively simple.

At this time the price of seats at Castle Garden was one dollar and Marietta Alboni and Henrietta Sontag were content to rely for remuneration on a share of the profits after the expenses had been paid. Yet old-timers will tell you that Alboni was the world's greatest contralto of the past century and that Sontag as prima donna soprano was an adequate rival of the great and world-renowned Malibran, with whom she had often sung in Europe. Think of this, ye Pattis, Calvés and Melbas of the present age.

Among the Italian-opera companies that were made up in New York and roamed through the country was one that Maurice Strakosch took out near the close of his connection with the New York Academy of Music, in February, 1859, which contained Mme. Cora de Wilhorst, Madame Parodi, Madame Strakosch and

and finally to Europe. Ullmann returned to Europe taking Carlotta Patti, Adelina's elder sister—a charming singer but unfortunately so crippled as to unfit her for operatic performances—and made a great deal of money with her in the old country.

During the time that Ullmann and Strakosch occupied the Academy of Music, Max Maretzek divided his time between Boston, Philadelphia, Cuba and Mexico with a strong company, and in the spring of 1860, as his enterprising but unfortunate competitors were vacating the Academy, he opened at the Winter Garden in New York, where, with a great combination of artists, including such renowned singers as Mme. Inez Fabbri, Madame Gazzaniga, Miss Adelaide Phillips, and Mesdames Gassier, Frezzolini and Colletti, he met with a brilliant success.

This brief spring season was signalized by the first produc-



CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

Madame Colson, Signor Brignoli, Henry Squires, Signor Junca and Signor Nocoli. Following this, Mme. Teresa Parodi, with Toriani as conductor, took out a company whose existence was of brief duration. The next notable enterprise in this direction was started by Jacob Grau—an uncle of Maurice Grau, the present impresario of the Metropolitan Grand Opera—who gave the younger Grau his start in the business. His first company included Muzio as conductor; Madame Lorini, Mademoiselle Cordier and Fannie Stockton, sopranos; Mademoiselle Morensi (an American girl known in private life as Miss Kate Duckworth), contralto; Brignoli and Macafferri, tenors, and Susini and Amodio, Jr., basses. Grau had in his repertoire the usual list of Italian operas, but was quite energetic in the presentation of novelties—among others, "Moses in Egypt" and "Sicilian Vespers." During the seasons of 1863-64-65 Jacob Grau continued to handle the principal Italian-opera companies that visited the United States. He was the first in America to present Meyerbeer's great opera "L'Africaine" with appropriate settings. Among the events more especially notable



PAULINE LUCCA.



JULIE ROSEWALD.

during Mr. Grau's management of Italian opera was the opening with "Il Trovatore" of the magnificent Crosby's Opera House in Chicago on the 20th of April, 1865. At no time, however, were Jacob Grau's pecuniary returns at all great. He was extremely liberal, but unfortunately possessed a somewhat overweening faith in his ability to eclipse all previous achievements. I remember calling at his office on Broadway, early in the fall of 1865, after a heavy failure. When I offered him my sympathy I was surprised to find him undaunted and as full of enthusiasm as ever. He said:

"Why, my dear Hess, you are so mistaken. You do not know. Wait and see what I shall do with the greatest company of stars that America has ever seen." The company comprised Mesdames Gazzaniga, Guidi, Boschetti, Celli, Lucy Simons, Olgini and Cash Pollini, and Signors Musiani, Anastasi, Lotti, Brandini, Orlandini, Fillini, Milleani, Pollini, Colletti



MAX STRAKOSCH.

was a man of the most gentle nature, with exceptional polish. He soon turned his attention to French *opéra bouffe*, and also took a lease and the management of the *Théâtre Français* on Fourteenth Street, New York, which is still standing in altered form under the name of the Fourteenth Street Theater. He brought the great Italian *tragedienne* Adelaide Ristori to the United States in 1871, and

for the season of 1872 he engaged the great pianist Rubinstein. Just prior to the beginning of the tour Mr. Grau was stricken with paralysis, and never left his bed. Thus the reins of management fell into the hands of his nephew Maurice, who from his seventeenth year had been closely attached to his uncle and inseparably identified with all the interests of his business. Young Maurice conducted the Rubinstein tour successfully and made for his in-

valid uncle something like thirty thousand dollars.

and Sarti, with Muzio as conductor. But, alas for unrequited hopes, that memorable season wound up the career of Jacob Grau. It was a cause of regret to his friends, for he

valid uncle something like thirty thousand dollars.

Shortly after the retirement of Jacob Grau from the management of Italian opera, Max Strakosch, a younger brother of Maurice, who had long been associated with the latter as his representative in America, came to the front. His first notable venture as an opera manager was in 1866, with a company comprising Mesdames Angiolina, Ghioni, Amalia Patti and Pauline Canissa; Signors Masamilianni, Errani, Bellini, Mara,

Susini, Zapucci, Parozzi, Ximenes, Belli, Locatelli and Massio; with F. Rosa as conductor. Max Strakosch continued, with lapses of a season or so occasionally, to figure conspicuously as the leading manager of Italian-opera companies that toured the country from 1866 to 1881, with the usual ups and downs, and the ultimate disaster, of the calling. In fact, his disregard of expense had more to do with



ANNIE BEAUMONT.

raising the salaries of imported singers to their present absurd status than any other influence that I can name.

After the close of our Civil War, many artists of ability and a



SIGNOR CAMPANINI.

countless number of chorus-singers had settled in New York, and consequently the task of organizing at short notice was not so difficult as in former times. Owing to these favorable conditions, Maretzek continued in the field longer than he might otherwise have done. He never ventured west of Philadelphia until the middle of 1868, at which time he entered into temporary combination with Grover's German Opera Company for a short tour, including Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago. Maretzek's venture as a traveling manager was the beginning of the end with him, for he finally collapsed most disastrously in St. Louis—in 1877, I think.

It is sad to contemplate that the story of this man's persistent battle and many brilliant achievements for more than forty years, during which he had received and expended millions of dollars and advanced the renown and fortunes of many of the world's greatest artists, should end with its subject gray-haired and broken, eking out a living by teaching music in a small



VICTOR CAPOUL.



HENRI DRAYTON.

studio in New York. That was the end of the once handsome, bright and genial Max Maretzek, who died about six years ago.

This covers about all I have to say concerning Italian opera in America in the early days. The coming of Mapleson upon three different occasions, which resulted with him as with all his predecessors, and the misfortunes of the late firm of Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, are events of days too recent to require special mention here.

The first pretentious effort to establish grand opera in America as a distinctive German offering was inaugurated by Carl Anschütz, who was a marvel of versatility and all-round ability as a conductor. I remember very well the first time I ever saw him. It was in 1853 or 1854; he was marching down the Main Street of Buffalo, bearing a huge bouquet in one hand and a silver cup in the other. He was at the head of



ZELMA SEGUIN.

company made its advent under Anschutz' direction at the Stadt Theater in the Bowery in the fall of 1862, its personnel comprising Marie FredERICI, Johanna Rotter, Bertha Johansen, Pauline Canissa, Theodore Habelmann, Franz Himmer, James Steinecke, J. Graff and Joseph Hermanns. The chorus was one of the great features of this

organization, being unusually large and composed of a rare combination of picked voices. Adolf Neuendorf, who afterward became a noted musical director and impresario, was the chorus-master. He was then not over twenty, an indefatigable worker and a great drillmaster.

After a precarious struggle of a few weeks, Mr. Anschutz transferred his company to the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, where he met with no better financial success. He had engaged to play a week of opera at Ford's Theater in Washington, and Manager Ford began at once to adver-

tise the New York Arion Society, which had just taken first prize at the National Saengerfest held that summer in the "Bison City."

The German opera

tise the company with considerable display; and with a view to removing the prejudice against grand opera in any tongue but the Italian, he sagaciously dropped the title of the company and removed every evidence of its Teutonic character, substituting "Signor" and "Mademoiselle" for "Herr" and "Fraulein" in naming the artists, simply announcing "A Season of Grand Opera." The result of Mr. Ford's announcements was a very large advance sale of reserved seats. But, alas, on the Saturday preceding the date of the proposed opening a telegram announced that the

Anschutz Company would disband in Philadelphia that night. Mr. Ford immediately placed announcements in the papers offering to refund all moneys received. Leonard Grover, then manager of a rival theater, quietly sped to Philadelphia by the first train, and in less than twelve hours from the moment of his arrival in the Quaker City he



MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.

had contracts signed with Director Anschutz and every artist, chorus-singer, musician and other employee of this great company; and the Washington Sunday papers on the follow-



ROSE HERSEE.

ing morning, before Ford's apology had reached the eyes of very many, contained half-page display advertisements of "A Season of Grand German Opera" to be given at Carusi's old theater on Eleventh Street near Pennsylvania Avenue, under the direction of Leonard Grover. This coup d'état by Grover resulted in the salvation of the Anschutz Opera Company and eventually in the bestowal of a fortune upon the sagacious young manager. He strengthened the company by the addition of Karl Formes, Mademoiselle Naddi, Signor Tamaro and others, and through the superb performances of the company succeeded in awakening an

a weapon constantly menacing the manager of this organization. One day in Philadelphia, late in the afternoon, Mr. Grover received a note from Joseph Hermanns to the effect that he could not possibly sing that night. The opera was one in which he excelled and the house was nearly all sold out. Grover, having suspicion of a ruse, expostulated and appealed, but all to no purpose, Hermanns hoarsely repeating that he could not possibly utter a note. But as Grover started for the door, Hermanns, with a sardonic grin upon his face, hailed the manager with the words, "I tink, Mr. Grover, vor twenty-vive tollars I could been able to sing dis night." Mr.



BERTHA JOHANSEN.



GEORGE CONLEY.



MINNIE HAUK.

interest in grand opera which had never before been equaled. For a period of five years he continued to amass wealth and gain renown, but some of the principals of the company began to believe that each respectively was the attraction that was filling the purse of the manager and they could not be held together except on terms that were ruinous. Jealousy became common among them. It occurred several times that Karl Formes and Joseph Hermanns, the rival bassos of the company, stepped before the curtain one after the other to address the audience and explain their individual importance.

Moreover, the "doctor's certificate" was

Grover knew that the doctor's certificate was ready, and saw that twenty-five dollars extra was the only way out of the trouble. Eventually Grover had to abandon the company.

There was an unaccountable exception in this company in regard to such dishonorable practices. I refer to Theodore Habelmann, the principal tenor, a gentleman of rare qualities, with a voice that had few equals. He came to America under an engagement at the low price of one hundred and fifty dollars per week fixed in Germany, and notwithstanding he gained a popularity in this country which frequently brought offers of more than three

## EARLY OPERA IN AMERICA.



THEODORE HABELMANN.

or four times his fixed salary, he never broke an engagement, nor did he ever make or accept a suggestion of an increase of salary upon the renewal of his engagement for a succeeding season.

German opera has had a sporadic existence in America from the time of the Grover-Anschutz Company, several times assuming large propor-

tions. In the season of 1870 and '71, a company headed by the renowned prima donna, Madame Lichtmay, and comprising Mesdames Roemer, Hoffner, Rosetti and Frederici, and Herren Vierling, Karl Formes, Habelmann, Franosch, Torrens and Bernard, toured the country, but met with only indifferent success. Subsequently, Adolf Neuendorf did some very creditable management for several seasons. He brought Lilli Lehmann and the great tenor Wachtel to this country, and inaugurated a series of Wagnerian productions with such good effect as to start a cumulative interest in the formerly strange compositions of the great maestro. But it was simply a repetition of the old story—he died poor. Indeed, I have not heard that any large fortunes have ever resulted from such undertakings.

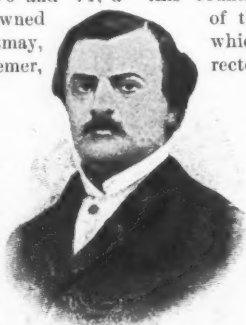
New Orleans has the only established theater in the United States where opera in the French language is given exclusively. This house has been in existence more than fifty years, and with an occasional lapse of a season or two has been steadily supported by stockholders. I remember witnessing a performance of Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" at this house in 1858, which I have no recollection of ever seeing surpassed in any part of this country. An attempt was made in the early '60s to establish a sim-

ilar institution in New York by Messieurs Guinette and Drivet, who built and maintained for a few seasons the Théâtre Français on Fourteenth Street. They, however, directed their efforts principally to the production of opéra comique. They had some very excellent artists of the French school in their company, and staged their productions with fine display.

Opéra bouffe in the French language has at times held the attention and admiration of the American people at large, but Maurice Grau, I think, is the only manager who has really made money in that line; and even he found a better field for this attraction in Mexico and South and Central America, where the novelty of such a company attracted immense houses. The first French opéra-bouffe company that toured this country was the Comic Contingent of the New Orleans Opera House, which Monsieur Alhaizer, the director, sent out in the winter of 1868 under the management of Henry Wertheimber.

H. L. Bateman, father of the once celebrated actress, Kate Bateman, was the next to present a French opéra-bouffe company to the American public, and in the season of 1868-9 Jacob Grau introduced his company at the Théâtre Français, and subsequently took it through

the country at large; seasons of French opéra bouffe were also given at Niblo's Garden under the management of Jarrett and Palmer. Before the decade of the '70s had fairly dawned opéra bouffe



PASQUALE BRIGNOLI.

in some form had invaded nearly every theater throughout the country. But a surfeit of Offenbach and Lecoq soon put an end to this rage, and Maurice Grau ultimately became the



ADOLF NEUENDORF.

monopolist of this line of amusement.

The history of opera in English is a curious one. Large companies, equal to some of the best of the foreign organizations that have visited America, have several times been formed, and the best works of the great masters have been splendidly rendered in English, and yet it has never been really self-sustaining. The most successful seasons of grand opera in English have all been due to the popularity of a single great prima donna.

The first English opera company of which I have knowledge appeared in this country in the early '40s. I have the bill of a performance given at the Howard Athenæum in Boston, of Auber's "Fra Diavolo," Mr. Frazer singing the title-rôle; Mr. Seguin, Giacomo; Mr. Delavanti, Beppo; Mr. W. F. Johnson, Lord Allcash; Mr. Holman, Lorenzo; Mrs. Seguin, Zerlina; Mrs. Maeder, Lady Allcash. The opera named for the following night is "La Sonnamb-

Horncastle,

all good singers, were members of this company. The next notable venture was that of the Lucy Escott Company in 1857, also from England, but owing to a severe finan-



"MADEMOISELLE MORENSI" (KATE DUCKWORTH).



F. MAZZOLINI.



ADELAIDE RANDALL.

bula." From 1854 to 1856 the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company from England enjoyed considerable success in this country, mainly through the pronounced hit of its leading prima donna, Louisa Pyne. Susan Pyne, her sister; W. Harrison; Borroni, and

their art at home, and who did not regard it as essential to their artistic future to adopt foreign names and sing in a tongue that could not be understood by their audiences. Their musical director was Theodore Thomas, of present orchestral fame. The company comprised Rosa Cook, Zelda Harrison, M. E. Burroughs, William Castle, George S. Weeks, Pierre Barnard, S. C. Campbell, Edward Seguin and Warren White. They not only had a good chorus, but carried with them on their entire tour the unusual feature, at that time, of a very good but small orchestra. This company, although formed of such excellent material, made no money, and consequently was unprepared to withstand the

cial panic failure was the result. Next, in 1859, the Cooper English Opera Company toured the country. But up to this time all opera in English had been given by companies from abroad, more with a view to getting away with American money than to making any effort to establish English opera upon a permanent footing. Not until the Campbell and Castle Company was formed in the '60s was any such intention manifested. It was mainly composed of young American singers who had studied



CAROLINE RICHINGS.

disastrous effect of President Lincoln's assassination; but a desire for more had been implanted in the public heart, and good fortune finally came. The principal people of the Campbell and Castle Company were all employed at high salaries by Mr. Peter Richings to form the nucleus of the afterward celebrated Richings English Opera Company, which organization, with that very capable singer and untiring worker, Caroline Richings, as its leading prima donna and manager, eventually gained national renown.



G. BELLINI.

In 1869, while associated with Mr. U. H. Crosby in the management of Crosby's Opera House, Chicago, I conceived the idea of organizing a company with Madame Parepa as the star. She had come from Europe under the management of the late H. L. Bateman, for a concert tour—Parepa as the star prima donna, and Rosa as a solo violinist. The tour was a failure, but Parepa succeeded by her magnificent voice and winsome ways in making a great reputation throughout the country, and at the same time a deep impression upon the heart of the young violinist, whom she shortly after married. After their marriage they formed a concert company, of which Levy, the cornettist, and Faranti, a then celebrated buffo baritone, and later on, Brookhouse

Bowler, the English tenor, were conspicuous members.



ELENA D'ANGRI.

It was while they were playing in San Francisco that I wrote to Parepa offering her an engagement as prima donna of an English Grand Opera Company. The reply came in the form of a telegram from Carl Rosa saying that they would meet me in Chicago. With very few preliminaries we effected an engagement, with Parepa at two thousand dollars per month and Carl Rosa as conductor at one hundred and fifty dollars per week. Under that engagement, very advantageous to us, we were to open at the Academy of Music, New York, with Wallace's "Lurline." Before this contract could be carried into effect, it was broken on the plea that Parepa was expecting a little stranger; but some months later they came to me with a very exacting contract, much more favorable to them. Being too deeply involved through our misplaced confidence to recede without serious loss, and Mr. Crosby being strongly in favor of holding on, I finally consented to a new contract and the



ANNIE LOUISE CARY.

went to England, carrying one hundred thousand dollars with them as the result of the season. Two years later, the Santley-Wachtel combination was formed, and it is from this event that Carl Rosa, in subsequent statements, erroneously dated his start in English opera.

Parepa-Rosa was an accomplished coquette with her audience, and she understood the public thoroughly. Good-natured, vivacious and warm-hearted when before the footlights, she was also shrewd and methodical in her business transactions, a combination that is seldom seen in an artist, and this fact was of material advantage later in dealing with her manager. Almost invariably upon her first appearance in an opera she would furtively "size up" the audience, indicating, as a Cleveland paper once said, that "she was counting the house before beginning her performance."

"The Parepa-Rosa Grand English Opera Company: Carl Rosa, C. D. Hess & Company, Directors," inaugurated the season of 1869-70 at the Théâtre Français, New York, then under the management of Jacob Grau, on September 18, 1869, with Balfe's

Parepa-Rosa English Opera Company was organized, C. D. Hess & Company taking all the risks and having more than thirty thousand dollars invested before the tour commenced. At the end of that season Carl Rosa and his wife

"Puritan's Daughter," its first production in America. Maurice Grau, the great impresario of the present, sold our librettos. After the New York engagement, a tour of the States was made. The company comprised, besides Madame Parepa-Rosa, Miss Rose Hersee, a sprightly and graceful young lady with a happy face and a clear, light and flexible soprano voice. It is safe to say that in such operas as "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni," in which they both appeared, she fairly divided the honors with the star. Zelda Seguin was the contralto, and all opera-goers of that season will remember her as far above the average in dramatic ability and vocal excellence. The principal tenor was William Castle, a singer of great ability; S. C. Campbell, with a superb voice



CHRISTINE NILSSON.

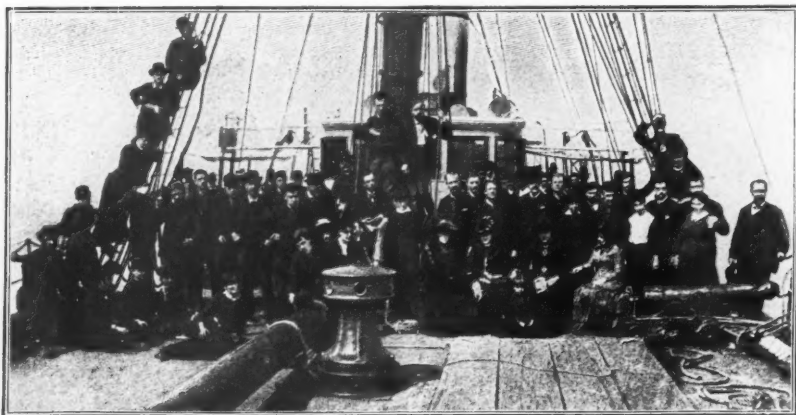
of the richest quality, was the basso cantante. Edward Seguin was the buffo bass. Alberto Lawrence, Henry Nordblom, Maurice de Sola, Gustavus Hall and Frank Howard were also members, and Anthony Reiff was assistant conductor and chorus-master. Carl Rosa proved an excellent musical director.

Undaunted by the strong opposition of the Parepa-Rosa Company, Caroline Richings continued, as usual, another, but an unprofitable, season, having engaged Miss Edith Abell, Henry Haigh, Brookhouse Bowler, Annie Kemp Bowler, Henry Peakes, and Henri Drayton, whose performance of Marcel in "The Huguenots" has had few, if any, superiors on any stage.

For the season of 1870-71 I effected a combination of the two companies, Parepa



JACOB MÜLLER.



THE HESS OPERA COMPANY BOUND FOR VERA CRUZ ON THE STEAMER "MEXICO" IN 1883.

and Carl Rosa having departed for Europe. This combination brought together the most remarkable list of competent singers that had ever appeared in one company, and enabled us to play thirty-nine different operas in as many consecutive performances.

My next operatic venture was with the Kellogg English Opera Company, which I organized with Maurice Grau as partner in 1873. Following that year, I continued to manage the Kellogg Company for three more seasons. Miss Kellogg, being then our very best American singer, attracted large houses. I paid her about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in the four seasons she was with me. The first organization, in 1873, included Clara Louise Kellogg, Jennie Van Zandt, Zelda Seguin, Lizzie Annandale, Annis Montague, Joseph Maas, Theodore Habelmann, Wilfred Morgan, William Castle, W. T. Carleton, George Conley, Henry Peakes, Gus Hall and others quite familiar, and S. Behrens was musical director. In succeeding seasons our repertoire was increased to some thirty operas, and our great success so fired the rapacity of Strakosch, who had not made a signal success with Italian opera, that he contrived to pool issues with me. The season of 1878-9 had a company under Strakosch

and Hess, headed by a powerful coterie of prima donnas—Marie Roze, Laura Schirmer, Lizzie Annandale, Julia Barton, and Mademoiselle Toriani, the creator of *Aida*—and the repertoire swelled with "*Aida*," "*William Tell*," Boito's "*Mefistofele*," Bizet's "*Carmen*," and "*Lohengrin*."

The story of English opera in America in addition to the foregoing, will admit of brevity, as it is probably fresh in the memory of opera-goers of this generation. The Hess English Opera Company between 1877 and 1890 was seen in all parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico, and performed about everything popular in the line of grand and light opera. Emma Abbott, Marie Stone, Julie Rosewald, George Conley, Isadora Martinez, Joseph Maas (England's greatest tenor at the time of his death), William T. Carleton and many other popular members of the profession got their start in opera at the hands of this management. This brings the story within the memory of opera-goers of our times. It shows in a nutshell that the stars of the profession have acquired fortunes, while the managers, without a single exception, have for their great risks and trials received as their recompense, mainly, "glory."



## THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN LONGBOWE, YEOMAN.

BEING A MODERN-ANTIQUE, REALISTIC ROMANCE

(Compiled from several eminent sources).

BY BRET HARTE.

IT seemeth but fair that I, John Longbowe, should set down this account of such hap and adventure as hath befallen me, without flourish, vapouring or cozening of speech, but as becometh one who, not being a ready writer, goeth straight to the matter in hand in few words. So, though I offend some, I shall yet convince all—the which lieth closer to my purpose. Thus, it was in the year 1560, or 1650, or mayhap 1710—for my memory is not what it hath been and I ever cared little for monkish calendars or such dry-as-dust matter, being active as becometh one who hath to make his way in the world—yet I wot well it was after the Great Plague, which I have great cause to remember, lying at my cozen's in Wardour Street, London, in that lamentable year, eating of gilly flowers, sulphur, hartes tongue and many stynking herbes; touching neither man or mayd, save with a great tongs steeped in pitch; wearing a fine maske of silk with a mouth piece of aromatic stuff—by reason of which acts of hardihood and courage I was miraculously preserved. This much I shall say as to the time of these happenings, and no more. I am a plain, blunt man—mayhap rude of speech should occasion warrant—so let them who require the exactness of a scrivener or a pedagogue go elsewhere for their entertainment and be damned to them!

Howbeit, though no scholar I am not one of those who misuse the English speech and, being foolishly led by the hasty custom of scriveners and printers to write the letters "T" and "H" joined together, which resembelh a "Y," do incontinently jump to the conclusion the THE is pronounced "Ye"—the like of which I never heard in all England. And though this be little toward those great enterprises and happenings I shall presently shew, I set it down for the behoof of such malapert wights as must needs gird at a man of spirit and action—and yet, in sooth, know not their own letters.

So to my tale. There was a great frost when my Lord bade me follow him to the water gate near our lodgings in the Strand. When we reached it we were amazed to see that the Thames was frozen over and many citizens disporting themselves on the ice—the like of which no man had seen before. There were fires built thereon and many ships and barges were stuck hard and fast, and my Lord thought it vastly pretty that the people were walking under their bows and cabin windows and climbing of their sides like mermen, but I, being a plain, blunt man, had no joy in such idleness, deeming it better that in these times of pith and enterprise they should be more seemly employed. My Lord, because of one or two misadventures by reason of the slipperiness of the ice, was fain to go by London Bridge, which we did; my Lord as suited his humour ruffling the staid citizens as he passed or peering under the hoods of their wives and daughters—as became a young gallant of the time. I, being a plain, blunt man, assisted in no such folly but contented myself, when they complayned to me, with damming their souls for greasy, interfering varlets. For I shall now make no scruple in declaring that my Lord was the most noble Earl of Southampton, being withheld from so saying before through very plainness and bluntness—desiring as a simple yeoman to make no boast of serving a man of so high quality.

We fared on over Bankside to the Globe playhouse, where my Lord bade me dismount and deliver a secret message to the chief player—which message was, "had he diligently perused and examined that he wot of, and what said he thereof?" Which I did. Thereupon he that was called the chief player did incontinently proceed to load mine arms and wallet with many and divers rolls of manuscripts in my Lord's own hand, and bade me say unto him that there was a great frost over London, but that if he were to perform those

plays and masques publicly, there would be a greater frost there—to wit, in the Globe playhouse. This I did deliver with the Manuscripts to my Lord—who changed countenance mightily at the sight of them, but could make nought of the message. At which the lad who held the horses before the playhouse—one Will Shakespeare—split with laughter. Whereat my Lord cursed him for a deer-stealing, coney-catching Warwickshire lout, and cuffed him soundly. I wot there will be those who remember that this Will Shakespeare afterwards became a player and did write plays—which were acceptable even to the Queen's Majesty's self—and I set this down not from vanity to shew I have held converse with such, nor to give a seemingness and colour to my story, but to shew what ill-judged, misinformed knaves were they who did afterwards attribute friendship between my Lord and this Will Shakespeare even to the saying that he made sonnets to my Lord. Howbeit, my Lord was exceeding wroth, and I, to beguile him, did propose that we should leave our horses and cargoes of manuscript behind and cross on the ice afoot, which conceit pleased him mightily. In sooth, it chanced well with what followed, for hardly were we on the river when we saw a great crowd coming from Westminster, before a caravan of strange animals and savages in masks, capering and capricolling, dragging after them divers sledges quaintly fashioned like swannes in which were ladies attired as fairies and goddesses and such like heathen and wanton trumpery, which I, as a plain, blunt man, would have fallen to cursing, had not my Lord himself damned me under his breath to hold my peace, for that he had recognized my Lord of Leicester's colours and that he made no doubt they were of the Court. As forsooth this did presently appear; also that one of the ladies was Her Gracious Majesty's self—masked to the general eye—the better to enjoy these miscalled festivities. I say miscalled, for, though a loyal subject of her Majesty and one who hath borne arms at Tilbury Fort in defence of her Majesty, it inflamed my choler, as a plain and blunt man, that her Mightiness should so degrade her dignity. Howbeit, as a man who hath his way to make in the world, I kept mine eyes well

upon these anticks of the Great, while my Lord joined the group of maskers and their follies. I recognized Her Majesty's presence by her discourse in three languages to as many Ambassadors that were present—though I marked well that she had not forgotten her own tongue, calling one of her ladies “a sluttish wench,” nor her English spirit in cuffing my Lord of Essex's ears for some indecorum—which, as a plain man myself, curt in speech and action, did rejoice me greatly. But I must relate one feat, the like of which I never saw in England before or since. There was a dance of the maskers and in the midst of it Her Majesty asked the Ambassador from Spayne if he had seen the latest French dance. He replied that he had not. Whereupon Her Most Excellent Majesty skipt back a pace and forward a pace, and lifting her hoop, delivered a kick at His Excellency's hat which sent it flying the space of a good English ell above his head! Howbeit so great was the acclamation that Her Majesty was graciously moved to repeat it to my Lord of Leicester, but, tripping back, her high heels caught in her farthingale, and she would have fallen on the ice, but for that my Lord, with exceeding swiftness and dexterity, whisked his cloak from his shoulder, spreading it under her, and so received her body in its folds on the ice, without himself touching Her Majesty's person. Her Majesty was greatly pleased at this and bade my Lord buy another cloak at her cost, though it swallowed an estate; but my Lord replied, after the lying fashion of the time, that it was honour enough for him to be permitted to keep it after “it had received her Royal person.” I know that this hap hath been partly related of another person—the shipman Raleigh—but I tell such as deny me that they lie in their teeth, for I, John Longbowe, have cause—miserable cause enough, I warrant—to remember it, and my Lord can bear me out! For, spite of his fair speeches, when he was quit of the Royal presence, he threw me his wet and bedraggled cloak and bade me change it with him for mine own, which was dry and warm. And it was this simple act which wrought the lamentable and cruel deed of which I was the victim, for, as I followed my Lord, thus apparelled, across



Her Majesty bade my Lord buy another Cloak.

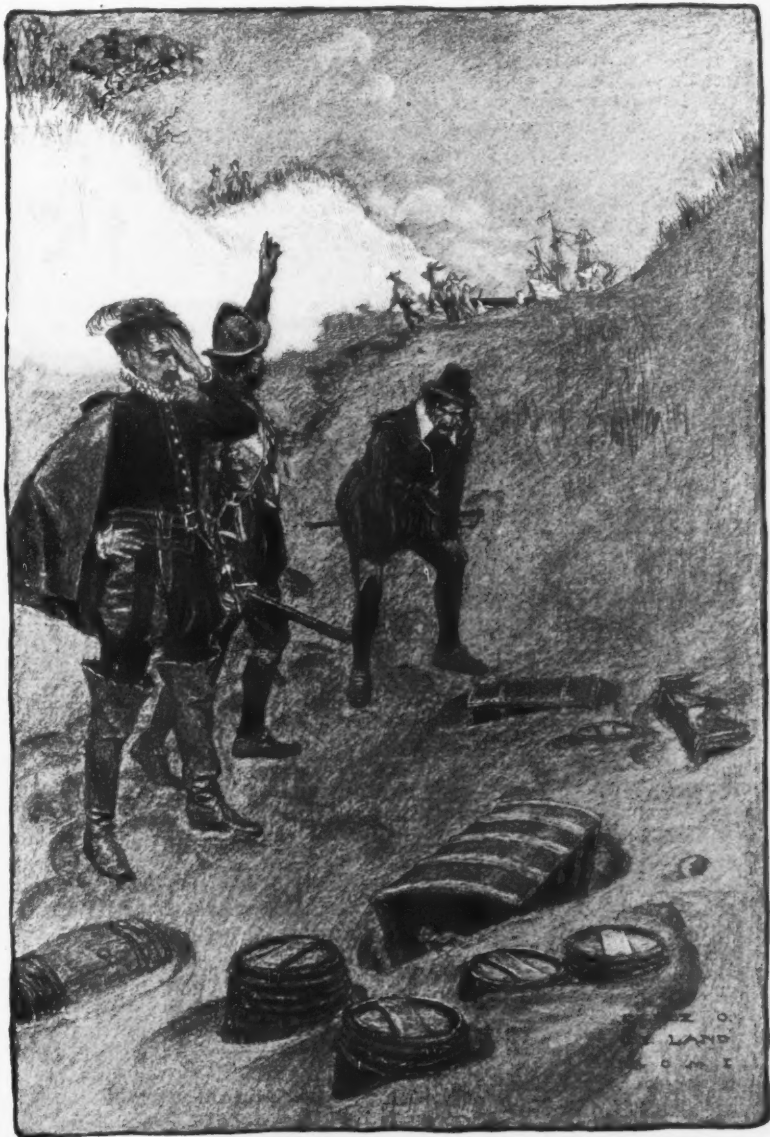
the ice, I was suddenly set upon and seized, a choke-pear clapt into my mouth so that I could not cry aloud, mine eyes bandaged, mine elbows pinioned at my side in that fatal cloak like to a trussed fowl, and so I was carried to where the ice was broken, and thrust into a boat. Thence I was conveyed in the same rude sort to a ship, dragged up her smooth, wet side and clapt under hatches. Here I lay helpless as in a swoon. When I came to, it was with a great trampling on the decks above and the washing of waves below, and I made that the ship was moving—but where I knew not. After a little space the hatch was lifted from where I lay, the choke-pear taken from my mouth—but not the bandage from mine eyes, so I could see nought around me. But I heard a strange voice say: "What coil is this? This is my Lord's cloak in sooth, but not my Lord that lieth in it! Who is this fellow?" At which I did naturally discover the great misprise of those varlets who had taken me for my dear Lord, whom I now damned in my heart for changing of the cloaks! Howbeit, when I had fetched my breath with difficulty, being well nigh spent by reason of the gag, I replied that I was John Longbowe, my Lord's true yeoman, as good a man as any, as they should presently discover when they set me ashore. That I knew—"Softly friend," said the Voice, "ye know too much for the good of England and too little for thine own needs. Thou shalt be sent where thou mayest forget the one and improve thy knowledge of the other." Then as if turning to those about him, for I could not see by reason of the blindfold, he next said: "Take him on your voyage and see that he escape not till ye are quit of England." And with that they clapt to the hatch again, and I heard him cast off from the ship's side. There was I, John Longbowe, an English yeoman—I, who but that day had held converse with Will Shakespeare and been cognizant of the revels of Her Most Christian Majesty even to the spying of her garter!—I was kidnapped at the age of 45 or thereabout—for I will not be certain of the year—and forced to sea for that my Lord of Southampton had provoked the jealousy and envy of divers other great nobles.

## CHAP. I TO XX.

I AM FORCED TO SEA AND TO BECOME A PIRATE! I SUFFER LAMENTABLY FROM SICKNESS BY REASON OF THE BIGNESSE OF THE WAVES. I COMMIT MANY CRUELITIES AND BLOODSHED. BUT BY THE DIVINE INTERCESSION I EVENTUALLY THROW THE WICKED CAPTAIN OVERBOARD AND AM ELECTED IN HIS STEAD. I DISCOVER AN ISLAND OF TREASURE, OBTAIN POSSESSION THEREOF BY A TRICKE, AND PUT THE NATIVES TO THE SWORD.

I marvel much at those who deem it necessary in the setting down of their adventures to gloze over the whiles between with much matter of the country, the peoples and even their own foolish reflections thereon, hoping in this way to cozen the reader with a belief in their own truthfulness and encrease the extravagance of their deeds. I, being a plain, blunt man, shall simply say for myself that for many days after being taken from the bilboes and made free of the deck, I was grievously distempered by reason of the waves and so collapsed in the bowels that I could neither eat, stand or lie. Being thus in great fear of death, from which I was miraculously preserved, I out of sheer gratitude to my Maker did incontinently make oath and sign articles to be one of the crew—which were buccaneers. I did this the more readily as we were to attack the ships of Spayne only, and through there being no state of Warre at that time between England and that country, it was wisely conceived that this conduct would provoke it, and we should thus be forearmed, as became a juste man in his quarrel. For this we had the precious example of many great Captains. We did therefore heave to and burn many ships—the quality of those engagements I do not set forth, not having a seaman's use of ship speech and despising, as a plain, blunt man, those who misuse it, having it not.

But this I do know, that, having some conceit of a shipman's ways and of pirates, I did conceive at this time a pretty song for my comrades, whereof the words ran thus:—



The treasure Store of lawless Pirates.

"Yo ho! when the Dog Watch bayeth loud  
 In the light of a mid-sea moon!  
 And the Dead Eyes glare in the stiffening Shroud,  
 For that is the Pirate's noon!  
 When the Night Mayres sit on the Dead Man's Chest  
 Where no manue's breath may come—  
 Then hey! for a bottle of Rum! Rum! Rum!  
 And a passage to Kingdom come!"

I take no credit to myself for the same, except so far as it may shew a touch of my Lord of Southampton's manner—we being intimate—but this I know, that it was much acclaimed by the crew. Indeed they, observing that the Captain was of a cruel nature, would fain kill him and put me in his stead, but I, objecting to the shedding of precious blood in such behoof, did prevent such a lamentable and inhuman action by stealthily throwing him by night from his cabin window into the sea—where, owing to the inconceivable distance of the ship from shore, he was presently drowned. Which untoward fate had a great effect upon my fortunes, since, burthening myself with his goods and effects, I found in his chest a printed proclamation from an aged and infirm clergyman in the West of England covenanting that for the sum of two crowns he would send to whoso offered the chart of an island of great treasure in the Spanish Main, whereof he had had confession from the lips of a dying parishioner, and the amount gained thereby he would use for the restoration of his parish church. Now I, reading this, was struck by a great remorse and admiration for our late Captain, for that it would seem that he was, like myself, a staunch upholder of the Protestant Faith and the Church thereof, as did appear by his possession of the chart, for which he had no doubt paid the two good crowns. As an act of penance I resolved upon finding the same island by the aid of the chart, and to that purpose sailed East many days and South, and North, and West as many other days—the manner whereof and the latitude and longitude of which I shall not burden the reader with, holding it, as a plain, blunt man, mere padding and impertinence to fill out my narrative, which helpeth not the general reader. So, I say, when we sighted the Island, which seemed to be swarming with savages, I ordered the masts to be stripped, save but for a single sail

which hung sadly and distractedly, and otherwise put the ship into the likeness of a forlorn wreck, clapping the men, save one or two, under hatches. This I did to prevent the shedding of precious blood, knowing full well that the ignorant savages, believing the ship in sore distress, would swim off to her with provisions and fruit, bearing no arms. Which they did, while we, as fast as they clomb the sides, despatched them at leisure, without unseemly outcry or alarms. Having thus disposed of the most adventurous, we landed and took possession of the island, finding thereon many kegs of carbuncles and rubies and pieces of eight—the treasure store of those lawless pirates who infest the seas, having no colour of war or teaching of civilization to atone for their horrid deeds.

I discovered also, by an omission in the chart, that this was not the Island wot of by the good and aged Devonshire divine—and so we eased our consciences of accounting for the treasure to him. We then sailed away, arriving after many years' absence at the Port of Bristol in Merrie England, where I took leave of the "Jolly Roger," that being the name of my ship—it was a strange conceit of seamen in after years, ever to call the device of my *flag*—to wit, a skull and bones made in the sign of a Cross—by the *name* my ship bore, and if I have only corrected the misuse of history by lying knaves, I shall be content with this writing. But alas! such are the uncertainties of time; I found my good Lord of Southampton dead and most of his friends beheaded, and the blessed King James of Scotland—if I mistake not, for these also be the uncertainties of time—on the throne. In due time I married Mistress Marian Straitways. I might have told more of trifling, and how she fared, poor wench! in mine absence even to the following of me in another ship, in a shipboy's disguise, and how I rescued her from a scheming Pagan villain, but, as a plain, blunt man, I am no hand at the weaving of puling love tales and such trifling diversions for lovesick mayds and their puny gallants—having only consideration for men and their deeds which I have here set down bluntly and even at mine advanced years am ready to maintain with the hand that set it down.

## THE STORY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LIFE.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

### II.

THE preparation of these pages is taken up hastily in the midst of daily occupations so engrossing that only odd moments remain. Yet the life of Theodore Roosevelt contains so much of interest and instruction for the younger generations of COSMOPOLITAN readers that I cannot refrain from so inviting a task. The result will doubtless be that the work will lack much and it will certainly be unsatisfactory to the writer. Let us hope, however, there may be some benefit in coming at it from the busy man's standpoint to make amends for the advantage which would be obtained from the more scholarly and careful position of the man of leisure and letters.

We shall have to consider in the course of this study of one young man the evolution of two ideals which go back less than a century and a half for their concrete form. One is that ideal of a government which was formulated by Frenchmen driven to desperation by the stupidity and supreme selfishness of a privileged class of nobles. The other is an ideal of education for men, which was originally suggested in the same hours of travail, but which because of a press of other problems was compelled to wait more than a century longer before it could take definite shape.

Theodore Roosevelt becoming the administrative head of a great nation must be regarded as unique in history. He is the product of a new system of government and of a new system of education. As such he is an intensely fascinating character to the student as well as to the practical politician, while the steps which have marked his advances toward public usefulness constitute for the young men—and women—of to-day a study of vastly greater importance not only than anything in Plutarch's "Lives" but than anything in contemporaneous personalities as well.

Too little attention is given in the schools, where young minds are being trained, to the study of biography. Perhaps this is because there are too few biographies. Those extant seem too often the work of friends anxious to conceal defects

or of enemies intent on exaggerating weaknesses, or, still worse, the brain product of incapables, who have no fulcrum of practical knowledge upon which to rest the lever of critical judgment and who are consequently incompetent to form just estimates. Oftener still, the unobtainability of sufficient data renders the task of even the best-equipped biographer a fruitless pursuit of the intangible.

The presentation of but one side of a man's character is the sort of thing that does incalculable harm to the youth who reads. Knowing his own weaknesses and the mental difficulties and struggles through which he must daily pass, he hastily reaches the conclusion that the man whose success has made his life worth knowing has been born with some extraordinary powers which place him at birth above the level of his fellow-men. Instead of the best kinds of moral success proving a stimulus to the young man, they discourage. Ordinarily a false glamour is thrown over such lives. Failure of the biographer to note the weaknesses which have been strengthened, the evil tendencies which have been overcome, and the constant effort which has been required in the elevation of character, results in the inference that the subject has been endowed at birth with qualities altogether superhuman.

Those who have mixed much with the world and who have enjoyed opportunities to see intimately many successful men, know that the success worth having has been attained most often by evolution rather than by qualities at birth.

At the death of the late Collis P. Huntington, several journals made reproduction of a picture which hung in his outer office. Of all the art possessions of Mr. Huntington, this was said to have had for him the deepest meaning. It was entitled "Waiting." A man of patient mien stood hat in hand in what was apparently the outer office of an important personage. It is said that it signified to Mr. Huntington patient determination to accomplish and was typical to him of the man who starts

in life with purpose clearly defined and pursues that ambition to the end. All kinds of success, mental, moral and physical, are attained in this way. The presentation of a man's strength without at the same time endeavoring to point out his weaknesses and the sources of his weaknesses, is calculated only to confuse the mind of him who might derive advantage from a just comprehension of all that had been encountered while the building process had been going on—of the overcoming of obstacles found in himself and the world, in his heredity, his environment and education—the temptations which almost overcame and the temptations which did overcome.

Of course, no biographer, however well equipped—and the writer of this acknowledges himself sadly deficient—can ever give more than the merest skeleton. One of the best definitions of history is that which describes its field as "a great cemetery where the most capable historians are able to decipher only the names and walk among the graves of the so-called great ones, guessing at their lives from the inscriptions on their tombs."

We may appreciate the importance of writing real lives while they are in the flesh and while the statements made may have some approximation to truth. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when great men, at the conclusion of their lives, will be willing to tell all that they recall of themselves, in their youth and manhood, not in the way of self-laudation but of truthful pictures of the actualities, told without reserve and without vanity. The world has three or four such volumes; but even the casual reader may tell that these are most defective. Some day men will recognize that as between leaving a fortune of many millions to charity and the preparation of an autobiography founded on the realities, the latter service will be immeasurably greater to the public.

In considering Mr. Roosevelt's biography, it will be an interesting study to glance at that portion of his character which he inherited, at that which was the result of early environment, and what was the combination of these two, as worked out by his own will.

It would be an interesting speculation, if

one could by some process be permitted a couple of hundred years in advance of birth to select one's own ancestors, to determine just what combination to make. Perhaps when compounded the receipt would run something like this:—

#### INGREDIENTS TO MAKE ONE MAN.

1. One male ancestor of fierce animal courage.
2. One male ancestor of thoughtful, contemplative mind.
3. One male ancestor of painstaking, thorough methods.
4. One female ancestor of high, noble ideals and of gentle manners.
5. One female ancestor of sympathetic qualities.
6. One female ancestor having powers of endurance.

All to have been well exercised physically so as to produce robust bodies.

But, alas! nature's methods are not of this character. A man has grandparents—divide his characteristics by four; he has great-grandparents—divide by eight; he has sixteen great-great-grandparents; ten generations away he has inherited the traits of more than a thousand ancestors; fifteen generations distant he has in him the traits of one million one hundred thousand ancestors; five more removes and these figures have grown to thirty-three million; but another five and they are two thousand one hundred million—nearly double the present population of the globe. Some of Mr. Roosevelt's biographers have pointed with pride to his derivation from Robert Bruce. They could have gone back a little farther, had the record been in their possession, and pointed to derivation from innumerable kings. It is a mathematical certainty that in two thousand million ancestors, even the humblest-born has in his line innumerable kings, as well as characters of every degree of sainthood and criminality.

Some years ago a story went the rounds of the press that the Russian government, desiring to determine the question of some one's right to bear the title of Prince Galitzin, had taken a census of that family, then about two hundred years derived from the original Prince Galitzin. More than

twenty thousand persons were found who had under Russian laws full right to bear this title. On the list appeared men of fortune and high rank, as statesmen and soldiers. But also in the prisons were found some dozens of Princes Galitzin who were convicts. There were also a number of privates in the army, some cabdrivers and some cooks.

It is a waste of time to follow a line

very far back to the distinguished men who have hung on the family tree unless we can also find the criminals who have hung in other ways. Four or five generations should suffice for the most exacting.

The mixture of Theodore Roosevelt's blood seems to have been an unusual combination. An analysis of five generations and the inheritance at birth would be tabulated something in this way:—

ON THE FATHER'S SIDE:

1. An inventor.
2. A number of careful, methodical business men of the best type.
3. Three or four persons who busied themselves in helping out their weaker neighbors.
4. Several who pursued sports, coachdriving and other of the then fashionable ways of spending time.

ON THE MOTHER'S SIDE:

1. A governor of a great state, who took part in the work of rebellion which preceded the Revolution of '76, who was in the Continental Congress, in the reconstruction which followed, and who during a long life was compelled to think out original problems in government; who showed not only wonderful capacity for administration, but constant sympathy with and interest in the affairs of his fellows.
2. A number of men and women having the education and views of the best classes of Southern society as it existed before the war—romantic in temperament, loving horses, exercising much in the open air, making love, enjoying a fight, and having no knowledge whatever of the world which Thomas Jefferson knew in France, or such intellectual worlds as Spencer and Huxley were then opening in England.

CONDITIONS OF BIRTH:

1. Material Fortune: In a home where the fortune had been sufficient for several generations to give every comfort and where refinement prevailed in the details of daily living—never garish display, no attempt at show, and no waste.
2. Position in Society: Well established and recognized as of the best social plane, where there was no necessity for struggle and no effort or contention to establish any sort of superiority.
3. Religion. A profound respect for the beautiful teachings of Christ, without mysticism or fanaticism.

Perhaps, of all his ancestors, the inventor had the most important part in forming Theodore Roosevelt's characteristics. Incidentally I note in running through the various biographical sketches which have been prepared and published at

various times in New York, that the Roosevelt family has not seemed to be very anxious to exploit this member. Although he will live in history as the associate of Robert Fulton and Livingston in the invention of steamboats, the banker and

society man have been invariably pushed to the biographical front as of more importance.

The power to mechanically invent betokens a free state of mind where reason is asserting itself above established forms.

"It is; but it is wrong. It is; but it is imperfect."

This is the mental attitude of the inventor. "I will analyze these problems down to the very foundation of truth," he declares to himself, "and will embody my truth, when found, in a mechanical harmony."

This attitude of mind involves five conditions:

First. Sufficient independence to reject the false.

Second. That humility of mind which prepares the searcher after truth to do his delving thoroughly.

Third. A determination to do the hard and patient labor necessary to final accomplishment.

Fourth. The necessary confidence in one's own mind; this seems almost paradoxical when spoken of in connection with a mentally humble attitude.

Fifth. A quickness of intellect which grasps, analyzes, rejects, combines, harmonizes, builds.

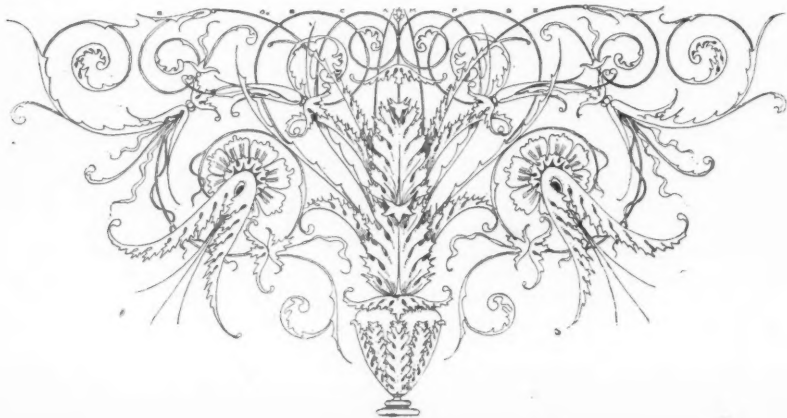
But all along the line of ancestry were many fine traits, mixed with less than the usual amount of human littleness and weakness. Undoubtedly to his mother Mr. Roosevelt owes those bold, generous traits of character which fortunately carried

him out of business channels and away from the most dangerous profession of the law to send him forth a political knight-errant to fight in behalf of the weak against the Platt Dragons and Quay Dragons who beset modern political highways.

Given a conservative, average New York society woman for a mother, who can tell what the difference would have been? Certainly not the Roosevelt whom William Allen White pictures in a delightful sketch in a recent number of "McClure's Magazine": "For Theodore Roosevelt the man, heavy of weight, plain of face, who wrinkles his clothes an hour after he gets into them, who makes a speech as the Irishman plays the bagpipe, not by ear nor by note, but by main strength; who has turned his education, his book-learning, to his credit by a life of incessant action; a creature of strong emotions and of aggressive frankness that often offends; full of frailties and foibles, with a blind side of charity for friends."

One thing is certain, his coat would not have been worn in this way—and instead of a character strong enough to set us an example we might have had a young fellow weakly imitating the idiosyncrasies of the most feeble-minded of the British youth. This father of New York, and mother of Georgia who was in full sympathy with the cause of the Confederacy, serve the purpose at this time of putting the new President in closest sympathy with both sections of the country and must give him the confidence of the Southern people.

(To be continued.)



# Some Child Songs

By Richard Le Gallienne

MR. SUN

Daddy, do we know the sun?  
Is he a friend of ours?

For he walks about the garden,  
Kissing all the flowers;

And every morning, long before  
The servants have gone down,

He's peeping through the window,  
All dressed to go to town.

And then again at evening  
He's peeping as before.

He's prettier at evening,  
And shines a good deal more.

I never saw a gentleman  
So very gaily dressed.

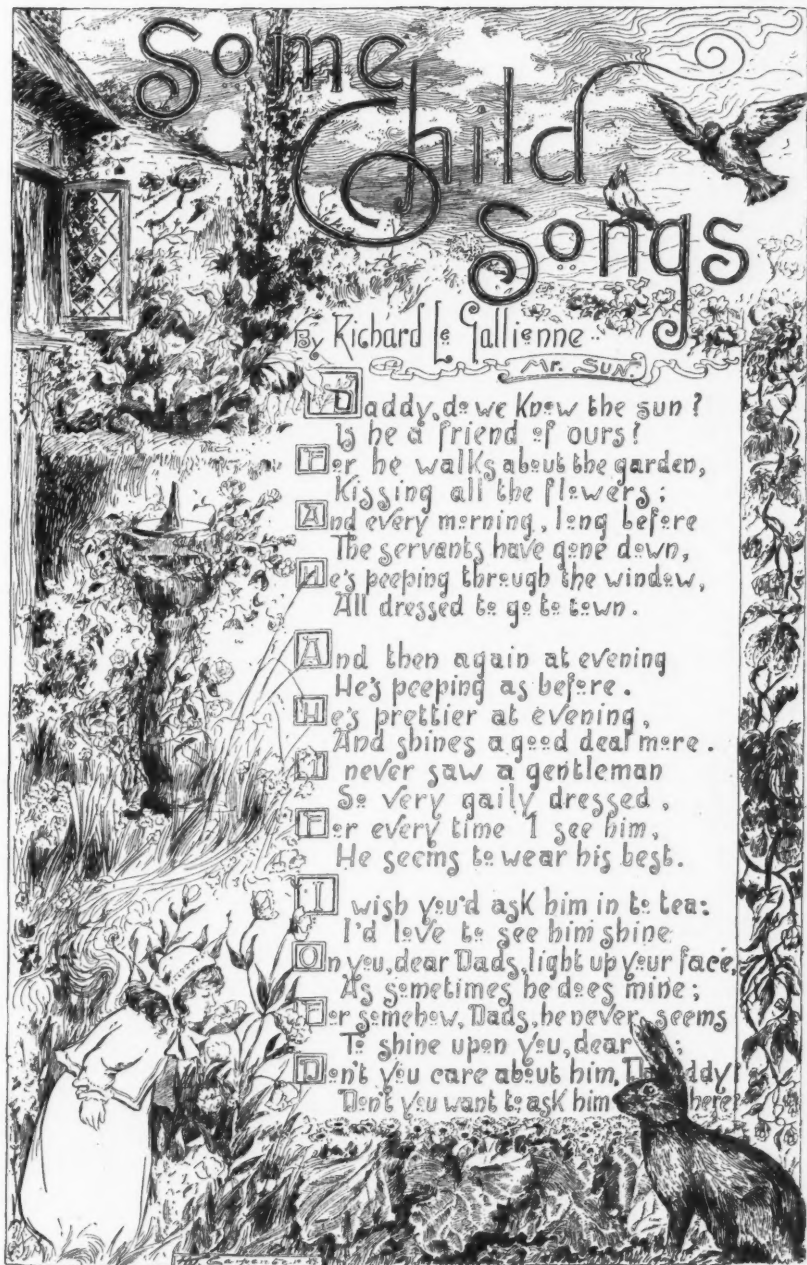
For every time I see him,  
He seems to wear his best.

I wish you'd ask him in to tea:  
I'd love to see him shine.

Oh you, dear Dads, light up your face,  
As sometimes he does mine;

For somehow, Dads, he never seems  
To shine upon you, dear.

Don't you care about him, Daddy?  
Don't you want to ask him here?





Mrs. Moon.

Why do you love the moon so much,  
Daddy dear?

She seems so cold and O so far  
Away from here.

She frightens me, so lonely there  
Up in the skies.

And then she has so white a face  
And such sad eyes.

Nurse says she is so sad  
Because the Sun has run away.

He was her husband once and loved  
Her very much, they say.

But fell in love with Widow Earth  
And little Mars.

And left some silver for the Moon  
To keep the Stars.

So when I think of that,  
Of course, I'm sad for her.

And sometimes pray for Mrs. Moon  
A little prayer:

That her bad husband may repent  
The wrong he's done —

And yet I can't believe it, Daddy,  
Of Mr. Sun!

# A New Christmas Carol

By W. Pett Ridge



F Mr.  
Broad-

bent had not

been a self-satisfied man, a successful man, a man of importance in Fen Court and in the City, I should have had to think of some one else to write about. Because Mr. Broadbent was a man of supreme self-content, he had accepted the assurance of a deputation of three titled ladies that the Christmas bazaar would be an absolute failure unless dear Mr.

Broadbent could see his way to give his patronage and five guineas.

Also, but for the fact that Mr. Broadbent was a successful man, he could not, of course, have afforded this expenditure; and but for the fact that he was one determined to get his money's worth, he would have torn up the ticket to the bazaar.

He entered the hall with a frown that he declined to unpin from his face when one of the lady patronesses at the barrier bade him welcome. Within, the great circular space was filled with a representation of what the program declared to be an Alsatian village, with imitation fir-trees and painted pines; for a background snow-topped hills, a papier-mâché ruined castle, and a real waterfall that worked at intervals. For the rest, there were stalls loaded with everything that Mr. Broadbent did not want, never had wanted and never would want, and smart, very tall young women went about wearing a head-dress that made them look like windmills.

"A parrot!" said one, insinuatingly. "The Duchess is so anxious that we should get rid of it. Remember Christmas comes only once a year."

"If it came  
twice," mad-  
am," declared

Mr. Broadbent strenuously, "it would be abolished."

There were side-shows with new inventions, where for the first time (he was not a man who wasted money on public entertainments) Mr. Broadbent with astonishment saw moving pictures of quite recent events, heard a grim instrument with a mouth of brass give in a reedy, ghost-like way a song that his young sister used to sing in—well, goodness knew how long ago. For a moment he wondered whether his sister sang it now, but she had married in direct opposition to his emphatic advice and that had made a good excuse for losing sight of her. Just as well; she had children who would probably borrow money from him. They would have to make their own way in the world as he had made his. As Mr. Broadbent often said on being congratulated, "My dear sir, a man is what he intended himself to be." There had been ups and downs in his career, but he honestly felt that he had nobody to thank but himself for his success.

Mr. Broadbent was near a curtained entrance to one of the rooms at the side when a large-faced man in a fur-lined coat brushed past him and went in. Mr. Broadbent, ever ready to complain on the least possible excuse, followed the large-faced man to demand apology, and found himself immediately inside a room with chairs sparsely occupied by people who did their duty by saying warningly to Mr. Broadbent, "S-s-s-sh!"

He dropped into the nearest seat, two rows behind the large-faced man whose

unintentional act was being exaggerated into the importance of a serious assault.

"'A Christmas Carol,'" said a voice, suddenly and loudly, on the platform.

The audience took the information with calm.

"'Marley was dead to begin with! There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of the burial was signed by the clergyman——'"

Mr. Broadbent sat back in his stall and sneered at the electric light in the center of the ceiling. He knew it well, this long description of a man's nature being altered, his whole attitude toward the world changed, by a mere dream. There had been a time in his early youth—he remembered the green-covered monthly numbers in his father's shop in Eversholt Street—when he had been greatly impressed by this particular story, but he had grown older and wiser now. Not bad, perhaps, as a piece of imaginative fiction, but really——

"These things don't happen," said Mr. Broadbent knowingly. "You mustn't tell me! A man can't change at that age. He has fixed and settled himself by that time. Take my own case for instance."

The room had a warmer temperature than the hall outside, and the hall outside had the advantage over the bitter day beyond. This, with the repeated shakes of the head denoting incredulity, might have made Mr. Broadbent drowsy. It is quite likely that he would have fallen asleep, only that at the very right moment the large-faced man two rows before him looked round to hide a yawn and, catching sight of him, beckoned to him.

"Sir," he said in a nasal accent, "I owe you an apology." They walked out.

"You do."

"I take it, sir—you will contradict me if I am wrong, and from your general manner you may contradict me if I am right—I take it that here, as in my country, everything is possible to a man of determination. At the same time, it must be remembered that everybody owes a great deal to what one may term accident, or environment, or the working of providence."

"Those things," remarked Mr. Broadbent, "as a matter of fact, don't matter a snap."

"I want to try something like a confidence trick on you," said the other, after a pause. "I want you to come and see an invention of mine. It is just here."

"Anything to pay?"

"Not a cent."

The large-faced man drew back some heavy green curtains and they went into a recess. The place was dark; a machine stood against the wall, with a small bright light at the back.

"Take off your hat." Mr. Broadbent obeyed, for a tone of command had come into the man's voice. "Put your wrists in here." He did this. "Now look into this aperture." Mr. Broadbent complied. "See anything?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Broadbent.

"Give me a date—an important date—in your life," said the inventor in a steady, dictatorial voice, "and you will then see what, but for some mere accident, would have occurred. This is, perhaps, the most wonderful and the most complete apparatus that human ingenuity——"

"I must be going," said Mr. Broadbent uneasily. "Just turn a handle or something, will you, and release my wrists."

"You don't leave until I have persuaded you of the excellence of this remarkable invention," said the other. "Give me a date."

Mr. Broadbent, looking in at the white, blank, lighted space, thought for a few moments.

"December," he said, sulkily. "December in 1868."

"Click!" exclaimed the machine.

## II.

It was late in the afternoon of a December day and the boys were on a snowy platform of the small railway-station; there in good time, with painted deal boxes stacked up; all the available staff, including the night signalman, going about distractedly with London labels; Christmas holidays had begun and all the pupils of Mansford House were bound for home. The boys went up and down screaming in the manner of contentious rooks, and young Broadbent screamed with the rest of them. Assistant masters in tweed caps and overcoats became infected by the good temper of the situation and punched the boys,

cheerfully wishing them a happy Christmas. When a boy called for "Three cheers for old Marney Marnes," the master who taught German, and sound, light and heat and many other subjects, flushed with as much pleasure as though a perfectly decorous and respectful compliment had been paid to him.

The boy Broadbent appeared to remember something. He went to the door of the little booking-office which was marked "Private," and knocked.

"Come in," cried the office-boy.

"Can you lend me a pen and a dip of ink for a moment?" said young Broadbent.

"Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Yes," said young Broadbent.

"Then," replied the office-boy, unable to conceal his satisfaction, "then you can't have it."

"I'll pay you twopence."

"What's twopence to me?" demanded the office-boy in a lordly way.

"I've a jolly good mind to punch your nose for you," said young Broadbent fiercely.

"Take a man to do that," retorted the office-boy.

"Ever read 'Jack Harkaway's School-days'?" with a return to conciliation.

"No," said the office-boy, "nor yet wanted to."

"I'll lend it to you next term if you give me a dip of ink now."

The machine said "Click!" in its loud, significant way. When the scene had trembled and changed, young Broadbent was blotting his report carefully and thanking the office-boy.

"But this didn't happen," protested Mr. Broadbent to the inventor urgently. "I remember quite well that as a matter of fact the office-boy refused."

"You will probably see now," replied the voice of the large-faced man at his side in satisfied tones, "exactly what would have occurred if you had obtained pen and ink."

"I can't be responsible for what might have happened," he remarked sulkily.

"Quite so, quite so; you were not entirely responsible, sir, for what *did* happen."

Here they were at the new Charing

Cross station, and here at the barrier stood his own dear mother and his young sister, and the boy, forgetting all the reticence of behavior toward womenfolk that school-boy etiquette prescribed, rushed toward them and allowed himself to be hugged by them.

A straw-floored omnibus took them from St. Martin's Church up through Seven Dials and St. Giles' and Tottenham Court Road.

"Got a good report, dear?" asked his mother, when he had slung himself down in a manly way at the Cobden statue with the aid of the driver's strap.

"Not bad," said the boy, flushing.

"Father'll approve of you, Johnnie," said his mother brightly, "when he sees your report."

His father, as they went through the shop, was discussing chapel matters violently with a customer, and only nodded to them and continued the conversation. His father was a bearded man with a clean-shaven upper lip; every wiry hair of his beard seemed to bristle with determination and a fixed, definite opinion. The boy felt chilled as he saw him, but in a brief space was seated upstairs at a round table with a solid chunk of potato-pie before him.

Quite late in the meal he made a casual reference to his prize, and his young sister took the key of his box and flew to obtain it. The two were lost in admiration of the complimentary notice on the fly-leaf when his father tramped slowly upstairs.

"Well, papa," said the boy awkwardly.

"Give father a kiss," suggested his mother.

"And how," said his father, rubbing his cheek with a red handkerchief after the filial salute—"how have you been getting on, my lad, with your studies?"

"Splendid," replied his mother exultantly. "He's brought home this prize and his report. Where's your report, Johnnie?"

The boy produced the long sealed envelope and handed it rather nervously across the table to his father.

"You don't know what's in this, I suppose, my lad?"

"No, papa."

"Ah!" said his father, and combed out his wiry beard with his fingers.

"You'll have a cup of tea, father?"

"Don't feel like tea, mother."

"Half a cup?" The boy's father gave a negative shake of the head. "Now you're proud of our John, aren't you, father? Now we shall all spend a happy Christmas, shan't we?"

The boy was feeling quite a glow of pride and self-righteousness by this time.

"I want to say one or two words to you, my lad," said his father from the hearth-rug. "I want to know what you thought of being when you left school?"

"I'm sure he'll be a credit to us, whatever he goes in for," said the mother respectfully.

"Leave my hair alone," ordered the boy, wriggling. "Second time I've had to speak about it."

"There have been times when I haven't felt quite satisfied with you, and I've had to punish you, but I can assure you that it's hurt me more'n it has you." The boy restrained the obvious retort, for he was becoming impressed by his father's manner. "'A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son,' we are told, 'is the heaviness of his mother.'"

The mother murmured the succeeding text reverently.

"Now, I mean to do my duty by you, whatever it costs me to do it." He spoke more rapidly and waved his arm. "I want you to understand why I do it, because it may to some appear perhaps harsh"—here he glanced at his wife—"but I do it because it's my duty as father unto son. In the first place, you're not going back to that school."

"Skin-a-ma-link-de-doodel-ah," cried the boy cheerfully, slipping from his mother's lap to give a few steps of a Christy Minstrel dance.

"Enough of that," said his father sharply. "Go back to where you were sitting. That's what you pick up at your so-called boarding-school."

"It's only the boy's manner," pleaded his mother with gentleness. "We were all light-hearted once."

"Once is plenty. Now listen to me, my lad, as you've never listened in your life before." The boy's father had to wait whilst a clock on the mantelpiece laboriously said "Cuckoo" nine times. "You've

brought home this evening a very good report. That is so, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Say 'Yes, papa,'" prompted his mother.

"Yes, papa."

"Written by your head-master?"

"Yes, papa."

"Written by him exactly as you handed it to me?"

"Ye-yes, papa."

"Quite sure of that?"

"Quite sure, papa."

The man on the hearth-rug gave a sigh which he checked half-way. "And him," he said, for a moment turning toward the mirror, "the only boy!"

He resumed: "I suppose it never occurred to you, my lad, clever as you are and handy with the pen as you may be, that your head-master would send on a copy of this report by post? A copy that would reach me direct; a copy that you wouldn't have any chance of——"

"William!" cried the mother alarmedly, hugging the white-faced boy. "Think of what you're saying."

"I've thought it all out, mother. I've been a-wrestling with it all I could, and I've been asking over and over for 'elp, but—I've had to make up my mind all by myself."

"You might have talked it over with me, dear."

"No," he said, looking down at her as the boy hid his face ashamedly in her arm. "Even you couldn't have given me any assistance."

"Besides," she urged, "perhaps it was one of the other boys put him up to it."

The boy muttered something that only his mother could hear.

"He says," reported his mother apologetically, "that it was all his own idea."

"And the book prize?"

"I bought that," said the boy sullenly.

"I think," said his father slowly, as he looked at the trembling back of his son, "I think I begin to see my way clear. I've done all I can, and now I'm going to let the world have a try."

"I'd looked forward," he went on, "to your growing up, and I'd got an idea of making a minister of you and—going one Sunday morning to hear my own boy preach a sermon."

"William!"

"That's a circumstance that won't happen now. What *will* happen I don't know, and there's only One above that does know and He don't tell us much about the far-off future. But what's going to happen to-morrow morning at nine o'clock is this. You'll pack up a few things for him, mother, in a carpet-bag. I shall give him five shillings——"

The boy's eyes glistened with approval.

"And I turn him out of this 'ouse and he's not to come back until I send for him."

"Not to come back, William?" cried the mother.

"It's hard on you, old sweet." The two children had never before heard him use this appellation; it was a reminiscence of courting-days. "But it's got to be."

"What," said the boy in frightened tones, "what am I to do?"

"What are you to do?" With a sudden burst of exasperation, "Why, you've got to make your own way in the world without a friend or a relative to help you. You've got to go up or go down, to go to the good or go to the bad, by yourself. If there's the making of a man in you, it'll come out perhaps; if there's the making of a forger——"

"William, William! The children!"

"——why, the sooner you come to a bad end the better, there!" he ended, taking his wife's handkerchief and wiping his hot and excited face. "I've said what I wanted to and it's all finished, so far as I'm concerned. I shan't see you to-morrow morning and I hope I shall never see you again."

"William! you'll change your mind."

"Have you ever known me to?"

"But—you'll be sorry for this, dear, some day."

"If I am," he said, walking in a straight line to the door and turning there to have a last look at his son—"if I am, no one shall ever know it."

A wild rain of tears from the little girl slightly relieved the tension. She rocked with anguish, her back trembled, the tartan bow at the end of her rope of back hair fluttered tremulously, and her mother, fearing a hysterical attack, had to leave the white-faced, shivering boy and go to her daughter.

When the boy's mother, having finally decided that the little girl should go straight to bed, dispatched her to her room with strong injunctions not to forget to say her prayers and to ask to be made a better girl—when his mother, having done this, turned her regretful face toward him, then he felt that he could bear no more reproaches and crept upstairs to his room, undressed in the dark and went to bed. He was listening to the clatter of the loose window, when the door opened and his mother came quietly into the room. She called him by his name, but he sulkily refrained from replying, and as she passed her hand over his forehead he closed his eyes. His mother nestled her face down close to his on the pillow. He heard her speak in a choked whisper:

"Bless and keep him, and please, *please* make him a better boy."

"Capital invention," said Mr. Broadbent distressedly. "I'll go now, if you don't mind."

"Stay right there," replied the voice of the inventor. "You get three opportunities, sir, of seeing what might have been."

"One's ample," said Mr. Broadbent.

"What," asked the inventor, "is the next date that you wish your attention fixed upon?"

"Let's go on ten years, then," said Mr. Broadbent reluctantly.

"December, 1878."

### III.

The picture showed a tall youth with a bony face and what appeared to be side-whiskers. Mr. Broadbent's mind went back to the period. He remembered that he was at this age getting his half-crown increase every year, never imperiling it as some did by late arrival in the morning, always signing on before the red line was drawn in the book. He was absolutely reliable as a quoter of rates and could give an estimate for the conveyance of pianofortes to Calicut that always left an agreeable profit for the firm, and he had forty-six pounds ten shillings ninepence in the Post-Office Savings Bank. Mr. Broadbent felt young again as he saw in the picture conveyances stopping at the town hall and young ladies in tweed caps

with belaced skirts uplifted darting across the slush-covered pavement into the warmth and light of the vestibule, their attendant knights following with small brown-paper parcels containing the ladies' slippers. The proportion of ladies to gentlemen was three to one, and young Broadbent felt the glow of conceit in observing that dozens of female heads turned expectantly in his direction.

"How do?" he said languidly to one of the secretaries, who was wearing something that looked like the Grand Cross of the Star of India and was in the center of the long-room preparing to act as master of ceremonies.

"Ah!" remarked the M. C. sportively, "there you are then. How are *you*? Going out much this Christmas? Many invites?"

"Don't speak of it," replied young Broadbent, with a fine imitation of a shudder. "Worried to death with 'em."

He strolled round the hall humming in a refined way and inspecting the ladies on the rout seats.

Presently he found an elegant young person with hair of ambiguous color, who as she caught his glance concealed a yawn behind a fan that had cupids painted upon it. This young woman had attractions that gave pleasure to the eye, and the fact that she had endeavored in her dress to omit none of the colors of the rainbow seemed to give her, in the youthful view of Broadbent, an air of distinction. A pink-satin cape with white fur at the edges slipped from the seat beside her.

"Oh, thanks very much," she said, as he gallantly restored it.

"Don't mention it," he said, blushing.

"It isn't really mine," said the young person; "it's my sister's."

"You're not alone then?"

"Should think not indeed."

"Got a dance to spare?"

She looked at him with an air of pained surprise.

"I'm afraid you're not used to going out into society," she remarked distantly. "Fancy asking me for a dance before we've been introduced." She coughed and added, "There's one of the stewards over there."

On this hint he acted, and the steward, pulled from a crowd of brothers who were

urging that he find partners for their sisters, came over with him and, having ascertained in a whisper the names of each, made the formal introduction.

"That's better," said Miss Elkin contentedly. "Now then, what about this first set of quadrilles?"

"Long time since I danced the quadrilles," he said.

"I'll see you through them," said Miss Elkin. "Let's take sides."

She proved an excellent companion for an undecided dancer, and when Broadbent's step went in the wrong direction she clutched at him and directed him masterfully.

"What are you?" she demanded when this episode was over. "What do you do for a living?"

Broadbent furnished the information truthfully, but gave a rosy view of his prospects in Fen Court which at the time was scarcely excusable.

"And not married? What an extraordinary circumstance!" cried Miss Elkin. "Haven't you ever been in love?"

"Not until now," he said with a burst.

"Don't be so silly," she said reprovingly, but not displeased. "I expect you say that to every girl you meet."

This was at twenty-five minutes past ten. At a quarter to eleven (such is the influence of some woman on some man) John W. Broadbent, in the far corner of the hall, goaded by the impression that a new partner was making on Miss Elkin, had made her a proposal of marriage.

"Well," he said (and Mr. Broadbent, looking into the instrument, strained his eyes and his ears as this distant episode came before him), "what's your answer?"

"Click!" remarked the instrument. A white space, amid a dead silence, fluttered for a second; then the picture and the sound of voices came again. Mr. Broadbent knew that this was one of the junctions between what was and what might have been.

"It's a bit sudden," remarked Miss Elkin, looking at him with a new interest.

"I don't seem to have known you more than a few hours. But, as a matter of fact, I don't get on very well with my

people at home and—— Mind you, I'm accustomed to having everything my own way."

"Your way will be my way."

"And don't you go to thinking that I'm perfect, because I ain't."

"You're as near to perfection," said young Broadbent fervently, "as it's possible to get."

"Very well then," agreed Miss Elkin in a businesslike way. "We can give it a trial. I'll just go across and tell my sister. It'll make her so mad!"

Mr. Broadbent at the machine shook his head and envied the happiness that had never been his.

"Anything gone wrong with it?" asked the inventor at his side, anxiously. The instrument gave a sound of whirring. "Maybe it's going to skip a year or so."

Rather an untidy room it looked at first sight. A small servant opened the street door with her key, and took the baby out of its cot. Presently a whiskered man of twenty-four with a look of care on his face entered the room.

"Evening, sir."

"Where's your mistress, Martha?"

"Expect she's upstairs, sir. She went up after you and her had that little tiff over breakfast this morning."

"I know," remarked Broadbent with a sigh, looking round the untidy room. "Perhaps it's mainly my fault. You run upstairs and tell your mistress I've come home."

He talked to the baby whilst the girl was away, and informed the baby that mother and father were never going to quarrel again, to which baby listened with a gratified air as though it understood perfectly.

"She ain't in," reported Martha, with some concern. "Wonder where she can have got to? And her best hat—the one she wears a-Sundays—isn't 'anging up. And your Gladstin bag is gone, sir." He looked round, dazed and affrighted. "I suppose," he said aggrievedly, "I must set to and do up the fireplace and make a—— What's this?"

He snatched from the girl the torn pieces of a photograph, which he recognized as his own. The baby held out one little hand

with all an infant's desire to obtain everything that it sees.

"Little man!" said his father, looking down at him with a white face. "Little man, we're alone!"

"Yes," said Mr. Broadbent in an awed voice, "yes, it might have been. She refused me, as a matter of fact, and I heard afterward that she——"

"We will now take the third and concluding scene."

"Don't you trouble," whispered Mr. Broadbent. The inventor adjusted some brass screws at the side.

"We will go on," said the other in his deliberate manner, "say another ten years. December, 1888."

#### IV.

Mr. Broadbent saw himself seated at a closely lined dinner-table in a professional club talking earnestly with a Mr. Lanchberry, a theatrical manager to whom he had just been introduced. Mr. Broadbent saw himself gradually being persuaded to back this man's venture with his savings. He had never forgotten the circumstances, for time, which sponges out a good deal, can never wipe away the memory of foolish investment. The picture vanished and after a white interval he saw the interior of the room he occupied in 1888 in Fen Court with the date-case on the wall showing "December 24." He shivered.

You could see yourself in the windows, for the night was dark outside, and only one gas-jet under a green shade burnt in a U shape just over Broadbent's table. The clerks had gone at a late hour. The head of the firm was dining with a City company and might be looked upon as safely disposed of. Broadbent went out of his door to inspect the other rooms and make sure that he was quite alone; he returned satisfied. He sat down at his table, took out his penknife, found the ink-eraser and tipping back in his chair pulled from its niche a well-bound accounts-book. Even then, before proceeding with the work he intended to do, he took a telegram from his letter-case and reread it anxiously.

"Another week's bad business. Must

have hundred pounds Saturday. Gorgeous prospects next week.—LANCHBERRY."

Here was the situation. Lanchberry had taken every penny of the five hundred and eighty pounds which represented past savings. Was this to be given up without a chance of regaining any part of it?

He had been busy in a hurried, feverish way for a few minutes, when, looking up because the rain was making a sudden splash on the window, he thought he saw the reflection of a spot of red light. Instantly it occurred to him that this might be from the big City company cigar; if so, behind it was the head of the firm watching. He hesitated. Should he dip his pen in the metal inkstand and go up the column quickly, restoring the figures he had erased, correcting those which he had altered?

"Click!" said the machine.

"I don't want to see this," said Mr. Broadbent, hurriedly. "I know it was a narrow squeak. In point of fact, it was the head, and please let me go."

"The machine," said the inventor proudly, "will bring before you a picture of what would have happened but for a sheer accident."

Such a calm, cheerful little apartment that unless you had been there before in one capacity or another you would never have guessed it to be the Justices' Room at the Mansion House.

"John William Broadbent," said the clerk loudly, using the formula, "upon the evidence that has been given against you, you will be committed to the next sessions of the Central Criminal Court to take your trial upon charges of embezzling five hundred pounds and upon other charges of embezzlement."

"This way," said the warders, each seizing an arm. "Mind the steps!"

#### V.

"He had no further intercourse with spirits," said the young woman on the platform at the end of the room. The audience began to find overcoats and wraps; the bustling caused Mr. Broadbent to sit up suddenly. "He had no further

intercourse with spirits, but lived on the total abstinence principle ever afterward, and it was said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, every one."

"God bless us, every one," echoed Mr. Broadbent. He found his silk hat, and as he was obstructing the way out of two young ladies, drew back to allow them to pass by and smiled apologetically; to his surprise, they smiled back at him in a gracious manner. It was many years since a woman had smiled pleasantly at him.

"Can I have a word with you, sir, and a pen?" he said gently to the secretary, who was reckoning figures in a book.

"Pleasure!" said the secretary with great cheerfulness. "What kind of a nib, I wonder, would you——"

"Any kind will do," replied Mr. Broadbent genially, "so long as it will write a pretty good check."

He had rarely received thanks, because he had so seldom given anything away, and he felt some awkwardness in receiving them now. London presented an amazingly jolly appearance to him, and he wondered why.

If Mr. Broadbent went into one department in the stores, he went into half a dozen. There was the poultry department to look in at, with so many turkeys row upon row that one suspected an optical delusion; the toy department, with white cats that were much more like cats than the real article, solemn little elephants with moving trunks, Noah's arks filled with animals as completely as their original; (he heard the young lady assistant in the toy department say to a colleague as he came away, "What a *very* pleasant old gentleman!") He half wished she had not said "old," but it was good and new to be called "pleasant").

#### VI.

A determined, delicious, insinuating perfume of cooking pervaded the house where Broadbent's sister lived. You who read these words know who sent the large wooden case labeled Somebody's Starch (containing no starch at all but nearly

everything else), but Broadbent's sister didn't know and her husband could only make wild guesses. The eldest boy, who had been in the City only a month and had already learned caution, said that he thought he knew but he would rather not tell; and the baby, who was about four, on being appealed to said promptly, "Santa Claus!" with all the emphasis of a young woman who can read the world as an open book.

"Whoever it was sent them," said Broadbent's sister, and she said it more than once on Christmas morning, "you may be quite sure it wasn't my brother John."

"Catch him!" said her husband satirically.

"Tell you what wouldn't be half a bad idea, mother. Write to him and pretend you thought he sent them and thank him for the turkey and all the rest of it," said the eldest boy.

"We mustn't joke about it," said Broadbent's sister. "Sit down, all of you! Father, take the carving-knife out into the passage and sharpen it, and whilst you're gone baby can say grace."

Baby took her duty as the newest Bishop in the House of Lords takes his, but gave the grace all in one long, incomprehensible word; her mother and her big brother said "Amen!" and father came back from his work in the passage.

"Now, if this is a tender bird," said father cautiously, "I shall be able to carve it as easily as anything."

"It's a lovely bird," declared Broadbent's sister. "I never thought it would go in the oven."

It was just as the turkey was going off, and as the baby girl was about to leave in order to enjoy the rare privilege of lending a hand with the plum-pudding, that an interruption came. A sharp knock sounded on the front door.

"If it's a beggar," said Broadbent's sister, "tell him to wait and I'll see what I can find."

Clearly the visitor was no beggar, for he followed on the boy's heels into the dining-room, and he was talking in a loud, bombastic way, neither of which things is an attribute of the suburban tramp.

"Why, if it isn't Brother John!"

"Well," he said gruffly, "you seem to be doing pretty well."

"It's Christmas Day," mentioned his sister, rather nervously. "Let me take your overcoat, John. Years and years since you've been to see us."

"Now, why on earth should people feed and stuff themselves on one day in the year and starve all the rest of the time? Eh, what?"

"We don't starve, Mr. Broadbent," urged his brother-in-law with spirit. "Fact of it is, we've had some rather handsome presents this year."

"Any use asking you to pick a bit, John?" suggested his sister, placing a cushion in the arm-chair.

"No," replied Mr. Broadbent shortly. "Go on with your meal; I dine late. What is your name?" to the little girl; "I rather like the look of you."

"My name's Gladys," answered the baby in her shrill voice, "and I don't like you one bit."

"Speak nicely to your uncle, dear," begged Broadbent's sister.

Hard sometimes for a man to pretend to be pleasant when he feels annoyed, harder still for him to pretend to be annoyed when he feels pleased. I am afraid you will be disappointed with Mr. Broadbent when I tell you that not twenty minutes later, after the plum-pudding had been taken away a perfectly hopeless, helpless mass, and after he had been induced to take a small glass of the very excellent port wine, Mr. Broadbent entirely forgot the part which he had decided to play, and discarding his grimness of visage gave them an amusing account of his journey by omnibus and tram-car, and his own mistaken effort to go in at 18 instead of 28. Mr. Broadbent was laughing, positively laughing. His sister looked at him nervously and recorked the bottle of port with an emphatic punch of her fist; the big boy and his father stood away with caution: but the baby, Gladys, was on Mr. Broadbent's knees.

"Now let's have an orange," cried the baby girl, "and then we'll have games." If there was any possible hope of making you believe the facts, I would tell you how Mr. Broadbent carried on with the baby girl after he had shared an orange with

her and given her the larger half. How Mr. Broadbent, becoming a mere bond-slave to the young tyrant, had to pretend to be, variously, an elephant at the Zoological Gardens, able to carry children on its back and to eat nuts and figs; a defeated soldier taken into captivity behind the piano; an ignorant child at school to be whipped by a dogmatic instructress; a polite little boy at an alleged children's tea-party. When the time came for real tea, Mr. Broadbent said that he supposed he had better be going, but his sister would not hear of this, declaring that if he did go without having a cup she would assume that Gladys had bothered him.

"Don't go!" cried the baby Gladys, hugging him. "I'm beginning to like you ver' much." Mr. Broadbent stooped and kissed a little person for the first time since his boyhood. "Sides, you haven't seen my Noah's ark."

This was conclusive. Mr. Broadbent was induced without difficulty to take the easy-chair, and whilst the baby girl was bringing the ark downstairs he inquired about Thomas' berth. It appeared that Thomas' berth was, so to speak, only in the steerage and meant but eight shillings a week, which by the time railway fares and lunch expenses were settled really left a very narrow margin indeed. Mr. Broadbent ordered the young man to give a specimen of his handwriting, and Thomas had the inspiration to write in a good round hand:—

"DEAR UNCLE: It has been a great pleasure to see you here to-day. I hope you will spend every Christmas Day with us in future.—Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS NICHOLL, Jun."

"Why," cried Mr. Broadbent with something like tears in his eyes, "you're the very lad we want at Fen Court. What do you say now to fifteen shillings a week as a start?"

They would have said a great deal about this, but at that moment the little girl staggered into the room with the enormous ark.

Here it was that Mr. Broadbent by one slip betrayed his amateurishness in tact and generosity and showed that he had much to learn.

"We never had toys like that," remarked Broadbent's sister, "in our young days."

"Do you remember the piece of white coral you used to be so proud of? Mother used to stand it in the window at Eversholt Street, didn't she?"

"Poor mother," sighed Broadbent's sister. "Do you ever go to Finchley Cemetery, John?"

"We'll go together next Sunday," he said, rather awkwardly. "Why, bless my soul! this is the biggest Noah's ark I've ever seen."

"It's the biggest Noah's ark that ever was," said little Gladys proudly.

"It couldn't have cost a penny less than two pounds," declared her father.

"Thirty-seven and six!" blurted out Mr. Broadbent.

A moment of silence. They all looked at each other.

"Why, then," cried the baby girl, "it was you."

Useless after this to do anything but to make complete confession, to protest against the thanks that were loaded upon him, and to hide as well as he could his own gratification. They had not finished when the little girl began to rub at her eyes and Mr. Broadbent assured her that the dustman was coming, but Gladys declared emphatically that she was not going to bed until he left, and he therefore announced his departure. So they fetched his coat and hat, and his sister adjusted his muffler in the most comfortable way. There remained something to do, and he found, as other adults have found, that to give coins to young people in a manner at once furtive and discreet is a trick that baffles the most ingenious.

"I can never thank you enough, dear John," cried his sister at the front door. The others made a happy body-guard behind her. Outside, the blustering wind had gone home tired and the night was clear, the sky full of stars.

"You must never thank me at all."

"But I shan't forget all your kindness, John, and I shall always, always—"

"The world's been very good to me," said Mr. Broadbent, pausing thoughtfully at the lowest step—"I'm going to try to be good to the world."



By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

WHEN I proposed answering through the pages of THE COSMOPOLITAN a letter asking my exact idea of a good parent, a friend remarked, "Your experience of motherhood was so brief that your ability to write upon this theme may be questioned." "But I have been a daughter all my life," was my response. "Does not that entitle me to some knowledge upon the subject of parenthood?"

Every man and woman can look back over the period of childhood and early youth and check off the failures and successes of his or her parents in that most difficult of all professions, the bringing up of children. Each one of us, capable of any reasoning, knows where his parents were wise, and where they were careless or ignorant, in dealing with his own peculiar temperament and characteristics; for each nature differs from another as each face does.

The profession of parentage is in so crude a state that too much cannot be written upon the subject, nor too much said, to call the attention of the marrying world to the importance of having men and women study its requirements before taking on its responsibilities.

A mother who deserves the appellation of good, is one who prepares herself to be an example for her children in the conduct of life, and who makes herself their best friend and companion as they mature.

The expectant mother should begin her work of preparation for the greatest of all careers at once, by avoiding unpleasant sights and thoughts, and by a pursuit of the beautiful and agreeable for eye, ear and mind.

This is often a difficult undertaking because of the husband's ignorance of the profession he has undertaken—the profession of fatherhood.

When the world is a century or two older, boys will be reared with some idea of the requirements of this position, and they will be taught the importance of protecting their unborn children from mental, moral or physical disaster. It is impossible for a wife to do all this without the collaboration of the husband. The reason the Greeks were famed over the whole world for their physical beauty, was that men surrounded the mothers during the anticipatory period with the most exquisite works of art, and in every way possible directed their minds toward the contemplation of the beautiful.

Men seemed to possess a higher ideal of motherhood in that era than they do today, despite the world's progress in other directions. We are just now thinking seriously on all subjects save that of the science of bringing into the world desirable human beings. To avoid parentage, rather than to assume its cares wisely and with knowledge, occupies the average adult mind to-day.

A few women think earnestly of all that motherhood means, but where are the men who prepare themselves for worthy fatherhood? Thousands of young men may be found who will deny themselves every luxury, and who will go through the most severe course of diet and training, for a possible championship in athletics, but how many will restrain the impulse to self-indulgence, or endeavor to reach a higher physical or moral standard, in order to produce fine sons and daughters? And how seldom can a husband be found who voluntarily shields and guards his wife from all worry and danger during her time of maternal preparation!

Just as a woman would practise scales

and difficult exercises if she were setting forth to become a musician, and as she would guard herself from colds and exposure if she possessed a singing voice, so should a mother be willing to practise self-control, and guard herself from moods and tempers, and overcome disagreeable traits, in order to make a success of her career. I have heard an irritable, nervous mother whose children lived in terror of "making mother cross," boast that she had never allowed any one to assist in the physical care of her children, and that she never went away from home without them.

The physical care of a child is important, of course, but how much more important is its mental and spiritual welfare. Other people, under the mother's direction, can care for a child's body properly, but no one can supply the place of guide, counselor and friend so well as the good mother.

Every son and daughter should feel from infancy to maturity that no nearer, kinder or more sympathetic friend than his or her mother can be found, and that every thought on any subject can be uttered to her. Not one child in one score feels this confidence. How many times have I heard and read the expression, "Mother does not understand—it would only worry her were I to ask her advice in this matter."

It is a mother's business to know her child's tastes, impulses and inclinations, and to encourage the worthy ones and cure or weed out the unworthy ones, just as it is a gardener's business to understand plants and vines and to train them properly. How much more important is the future of the human race than the future of a garden! Yet every day we see skilled horticulturists and only two or three times in a life do we see fathers and mothers who comprehend their own children and guide their growth wisely and patiently.

Every day we see parents who misunderstand their children and who are trying to turn their energies into channels for which nature never fitted them. Only yesterday a young man, who is a rare musical genius, talked to me of his desire to follow music as a profession, and of his father's objection. "Father is very anxious that I should become a physician," he said, "but I have no love or taste for that profession. If I enter upon it, I shall give it only a

half-hearted interest, for all my enthusiasm lies in another direction." The youth has every requisite for an artist. He has temperament, feeling, a fine physique and high ideals. His love for his art is deep and genuine, and he is ready and willing to work for success in his chosen field. Of all mistaken ideas, that of forcing such a nature into the medical profession seems the most stupid and absurd. In almost any other business the young man would at least be free to use his evenings and Sundays in musical practice. But a physician has no time which he can positively call his own, and to yield to his father's wishes means for this boy to abandon utterly the talent given him, and to crush out all his tastes and longings, and to put all his energies into something which will make his life a mere mechanical round of distasteful duties. What criminal blindness for a parent! As well might the gardener train a climbing rose-tree to act as a cellar grating, or try to make a verbena-bed yield cabbages because cabbages were marketable.

Yet another young man writes me as follows:—

"My father has a business here and has forced me into it against my wishes, even though since a mere child I detested it. Many a Saturday evening in midwinter, when I desired to remain at home and study or be with my classmates who invited me to their homes, I was compelled by my father to go to his place of business. This, of course, was when I was young and going to school. My parents were wealthy and could have given me a good education, but on the contrary they took me from school when only fourteen years of age and forced me into the business that has since been hell to me. I loved to study very much and was very desirous of going to high school, but nevertheless my desires had no effect upon the actions of my parents.

"My father is not the best parent on earth by any means. He is usually very cross, and makes very unpleasant remarks which are calculated to make our home life by no means a happy one. People often say it is because he has trouble, but I cannot see it in that light."

The young man is quite justified in not being able to "see it in that light." There are hundreds, yes, thousands of homes ruined by the ugly tempers of fathers and mothers. Trouble?—what life is exempt from it? and what excuse is "trouble" for uncontrol, irritability and disagreeableness, especially when directed toward lives we are responsible for?

The sweetest woman I ever knew was one whose life had been most burdened by sorrow and darkened by disappointment. Christ, the Great Teacher, had a life of "trouble."

It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows by like a song,  
But the man worth while is one who will smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.

No doubt this young man's father quotes the Hebrew commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," yet makes no effort to render himself "honorable."

I could multiply similar cases which have come under my observation by the score, and the mother quite as frequently as the father is the coercing or the "unpleasant" party. "Mary wants to play lady," was a mother's sarcastic comment upon a daughter's love for the piano. "She had much better be learning to cook."

It is not to be understood that every child's whim, or fad, should be taken in preference to a wise, far-seeing parent's better judgment. The stage-struck girl of fourteen, the boy who believes he is cut out for another "Buffalo Bill," should be diverted and reasoned with, and disillusioned as soon as possible. Here is just where the art of true parentage should best exhibit itself—in the ability to discriminate between an earnest purpose, coupled with talent or ability, and a foolish mania resulting from an excited imagination.

One restless and idle lad was transformed into a sensible and orderly man by being allowed to gratify a genuine passion for a seafaring life in a three years' cruise as a common sailor. He was physically fitted for the hardships of such a life, in the first place, and his longing for the experience was not whimsical or the result of reading dime novels.

Where a craze for adventure is only fictitious, the wise parent directs the energies into other channels, after making a careful

analysis of the child's tastes and abilities—an analysis which I must again aver to be a necessary part of the parental duties.

It ought not to be a difficult undertaking to understand a child if a close sympathy and friendship has existed between parent and offspring from the hour of birth. The "good parent" is one who establishes such a tie. No matter what advantages and indulgences are allowed children, where no such tie exists the parent cannot be entitled to the adjectives of praise.

Adoring parents, prodigal parents, indulgent parents and slavish parents one sees in plenty, but they are far from my ideal of "good parents."

The ambitious mother who is ready to rend another woman's sons, or daughters, lest they become rivals of her own, the generous father who wants his son at college to outshine others in luxurious living, may be good-hearted people at the core, but they are not good parents.

Neither is the mother who waits upon her children like a domestic and allows them to form habits of selfish exaction, indolence and disorder which shall render the life of the future companion miserable.

The right kind of mother thinks of her children not only as the pride and pleasure of her own home, but as future heads of other households and pillars of the social structure; and she prepares them to fill these important positions to the best of her ability.

So soon as a child reaches the age of inquiry and natural curiosity about the fundamental laws of physical existence, the father and the mother should be the persons to turn to for information. But I have known only a few instances where the parents bestowed this information sensibly and truthfully. I have known numerous young people who obtained their knowledge from schoolmates or from the careless and indelicate gossip of their elders, all dangerous and unwise sources, for such grave and vital subjects should not be left to haphazard enlightenment.

A mother should make both son and daughter feel that she can be approached upon any subject which puzzles young minds and that she will impart whatever information is necessary to their development. And she should possess enough

common sense to realize that no child of good mental capacity develops toward young manhood or maidenhood without curiosity regarding the secrets of life.

I have known two mothers and one foster-father who took their children into their confidence in these matters at the first dawning of curiosity, and in each instance the result was manifest in the children's marked superiority in modesty, prudence and delicacy over others less fortunately instructed.

I recently received a letter from a boy of sixteen who wrote me that he dared not approach his parents with some queries which were vexing his mind. "They would not understand why I should think of these matters," he said, "but I believe you will." The letter was frank and sincere and indicated high ideals. What a pity that such a lad should feel he could turn to any one as soon as to a parent—the author of his physical being—for the important truths of life!

Good parents do not expect a child to be satisfied in its adolescence with the pursuits and pleasures of middle age. Neither do they believe young girls or lads the wisest directors of their own amusements or choosers of their own associates. A good mother plans for her growing children's pleasures just as carefully as she studies their healthful diet in infancy. Most mothers devote much thought to the best food for newly weaned infants; but a far more crucial period in youthful existence—the weaning from childish pastimes and the forming of social relations and the awakening of modesty—is frequently, almost invariably, ignored by the parents or regarded as an era of freedom from further care. Hundreds of young American girls and boys are allowed to form their own circles of acquaintances, unmolested by their parents, who take it for granted that their children will associate only with desirable companions. It is not at all unusual to find an American father so tired at night with his effort to make his children millionaires that all he asks is a quiet house, and where his sons and daughters

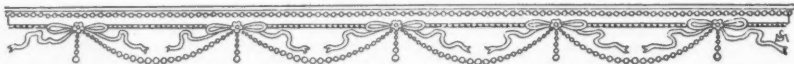
may be finding their amusements does not concern him.

The good mother neither flings her daughter into the arms of the first moneyed suitor nor strives to prevent her marriage with a worthy lover through misnamed "motherly devotion." "I worship my daughter so, I should hate any man who took her from me," I heard a silly mother say. And she was offended when I made answer: "That is not maternal love—it is self-love. You are forgetting your daughter's future happiness and thinking only of your present satisfaction. And you are forgetting that it was through leaving your own mother, and becoming a wife yourself, that your daughter was given to you. Why should you have taken a privilege you are not willing to bestow upon her?"

To sum up in a few sentences, my idea of a good parent is:—

One who desires the child to be born; one who makes a continuous effort to form a character worthy of his child's emulation; one who never forgets his obligation to study his offspring with a view to learning what are his tastes and tendencies; one who allows no person to be a more sympathetic friend to his child than himself, and to whom the child instinctively turns for information and advice of all kinds; one who inspires love and respect, instead of fear; one who plans for his child's pleasure and entertainment, while leading him into the avenue best suited to his temperament and abilities; and one who uses every effort to make home the most attractive, restful and inspiring place that his child can find, where love, sympathy and patience have their abiding-place.

Not until such parents only are called "good parents" can we expect much growth and development from the human race. The world has too long accepted the theory that mere parentage is ennobling and that children should love, honor and respect a father and a mother however ignoble they may be. It is time that a higher ideal be set for parents, and that they realize their responsibilities.



## WOMEN WHO POSE.

BY VANCE THOMPSON.

I KNOW an old story. It goes back to 1826, when a monument to Bellman, the Swedish poet, was unveiled in Stockholm. The King and Queen were there, and Bellman's old wife. And the Queen spoke of the dead poet and praised him in a flight of purple phrases; but the old wife said, "Ah, yes, but if your Majesty only knew what a nuisance he was about the house!"

I dare say the Queen was shocked; certainly for the odd three parts of a century the world has gone on laughing at Bellman's old wife; but frankly, now, wouldn't you like to know what kind of a nuisance the poet was at home? I should. Only small facts are interesting. We are not interested in Aristotle's esthetics so much as we are in the minor fact that he

wore a stomach-pad filled with hot oil. A good part of our interest in Raphael, I am confident, arises from the vague gossip about the Fornarina that has come down to us across the years. Of course, art is art; there we all agree: but we take a far more personal interest in it when we know the humanity behind it—the coarse human loam in which it took root. Going a step farther, I think we may safely say that no book, no picture, no statue, speaks for itself; at least, it cannot give us all its meaning unless

we know who made it, how he made it, in what environment he lived, what he dined on—pheasants or cabbage—and above all what was the initial inspiration.

I remember a sarcophagus in the British Museum in London—that of an old woman. There she lies depicted for all time, large, fat, with fleshy arms, with huge ear-rings

dinting the heavy jowls, with ruddled face and curled hair; until the end of time she will lie there smirking into a steel mirror. This large woman never disturbed me at all until one day I learned her name and her story. I shall not tell you the story of Thanunia, the widow who lived and died two centuries before Christ; but should I do so you would be haunted, as I am, by that fat effigy in the British Museum.



MADemoiselle DE VRIES.

The play is only half the thing; always our interest flutters round the actors. Of course, this is the reverse of Shakespeare's theory, but I have never been persuaded that it was my first duty to agree with Shakespeare. At many points his knowledge of life was distressingly deficient. And the picture is not the thing. It is one half artist and the other half model.

You have been through the studios of Paris; you know the schools and the disregarded garrets in the Latin Quarter—the



MADemoiselle ST. CYR.

the vague "Trilbys" who pose in the schools and in the half-forgotten novels: but I doubt very much whether you understand the real life of these girls. The painters make them beautiful. They translate them, in terms of paint and marble, into the Phrynes and Ariadnes of art. Effigies of them wander through the world: hang in the drawing-rooms of art-lovers and the galleries of Philistia—eternal types of beauty. Strange little girls! They have come up from the hamlets and villages, from the fields or the slums. Their youth and beauty have been given to the artist: he mixed them into his pigments and spread them on his canvas; and, youth gone and beauty faded, the little models, generation after generation of them, drift down into forgetfulness and rot into dust. For a little while they taste the honey of romance. They know the futile pleasures of the cafés of the Boul' Mich' and the ball-rooms of Montmartre. Some slight reflection of the glory of the Salon falls upon them. It is a life like any other; more than any woman's life perhaps it has its immortality—for it is immortality, is it not, when a fragment of youth, the hint of a vanished beauty, is preserved in bronze or paint?

There is an old friend of mine in the Luxembourg, a picture by Guillaume Dubufe. It was not painted very long ago, although Dubufe is now not a young man. There are triumphs of his that date back to the '70s of the last century. The painting to which I have referred is called "En Prière"—a Madonna and Child, which, in spite of its sweet and graceful modernity, is not without a touch of formal Florentine symbolism.

Now you and I and all the world may know the model who stood for it if we will. Suzanne's life is typical

songs, the laughter, the hunger, the hope, of those young fellows who come up to Paris to live for art; a little, too, you know of

of that of scores of artists' models. She began to pose when she was nine or ten years old. That has been her life ever since. You remember the somber philosopher who asserted that life is made up largely of buttoning and unbuttoning. Certainly for the artist's model this is three parts of life. In her way, too, she is an artist. Almost as much as the actress, she must have the histrionic temperament. To-day she is Judith, perhaps, and the next day some patient Grissel, and the change is not wholly in unbuttoning this costume and buttoning on that one; there must be a little of Judith—a touch of patient Grissel—in nerve and muscle. I do not mean that the model is born. Given a certain leaning that way and almost any woman can be made into



POSING AS "MIDSUMMER."

a tolerable model or actress. Suzanne is an example. She will tell you quite frankly that at one time her ambition was to enter a convent. That was long ago. She was ten and her sister Albertine was nine years old. They lived over in the new dreariness of the Malakoff suburb. Their mother, a stout, bustling woman, used to trail them through the studios. If luck were good, she would find Suzanne a place here and Albertine a chance to pose there; at night she would collect them and take them home. And this went on day after day, through the years. There was a well-known American lady here at that time who amused herself with painting and philanthropy. She became very much interested in the small Suzanne. "This is no life for you," she said, "little girl. I must help you to something better. What would you like to be?"

Now Suzanne was very religious. She



ESMERALDA



MADEMOISELLE MARVILLE.

had not learned her religion at home, but as she posed usually for religious subjects, she had absorbed it; so she said with a far-away look: "If you please, I should like to be a nun. I should like to go into a convent."

"And you shall, you noble girl," cried the American lady. Suzanne's mother was of another opinion; moreover, she expressed it so forcibly that Suzanne, after a day or two in bed, went meekly back to her work. In the novels our grandmamas read, the broken-hearted heroine always "went into the convent." Suzanne reversed the process. Since she couldn't take the veil, she went broken-hearted into—the world, leaving behind her that stout and bustling dame, her mother. I shall not tell you her adventures on her way through the world, as in Thackeray's novel. After all, they are not exceptional, and to-day Suzanne, with all her fame in the studio world, is neither better nor worse than the slim girl who posed for Dubufe's "Madonna" and dreamed of entering the convent. There is still a hint of exaltation in her eyes; the girlish beauty has not quite faded away.

In the story of Marcelle there is more of the unexpected. Her life would lend itself easily to the craftsmanship of the novelist. Indeed, any young writer, at once gay and sentimental, would find there a subject made to his hand. You will pardon me if I give you the mere facts. Her father was a mechanic in the "Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée" at Havre, where most of the French torpedo-boats and many a war-ship are built. A good



AN EASY POSE.

father, Marcelle used to say, but the mother was a virago. Marcelle knew what it was to be beaten and go hungry. Once, after she had been locked up in her room for two days, she determined to run away. She slipped through the window and ran to the shops where her father was employed. She found him at his work, grimy with sweat and dust, and he took her up and kissed her until she was as grimy as he. Then she squatted on a bank of warm ashes until dinner-hour came; at least, she intended to wait patiently, but there was his dinner-pail and she was hungry—in a word, she ate every scrap of the good man's dinner before the bell rang. The father only patted her head and said, "Poor little daughter!" which gave her courage. So they went out hand in hand into the dingy street that leads to the quays and walked and talked. I like to think of this humble old mechanic and the little girl walking there, plotting how she might escape from home; as for him, trouble had made him timid and he had no courage.

"Let us run away together, papa," said the little girl.

"What'd she do without me?" the old man answered, sadly. "But you shall go."

So he bought her a ticket for Paris and gave her the address of his sister, with whom she was to stay. For fear Marcelle might forget her aunt's address, it was carefully written—on the back of the ticket. You can imagine what happened. When the little girl came into the Gare du Nord, a grim inspector took up the ticket and the address and she was alone in Paris.

"It was near a church somewhere," said Marcelle, and she walked and walked, looking for a church. It was evening and she was very tired. She was weeping on a bench when a girl a little older than herself said, "Qu'est-ce que tu as?" and when she had heard Marcelle's story, she laughed and said: "Du courage! Come with me. I've a better bed than this."

They walked through many streets brightly lighted and humming with life, streets Marcelle could never recognize in other days. One great boulevard,

where long-haired students and painters, with laughing girls, sat at little tables on the sidewalk, she never forgot. It was the Boulevard St. Michel. They turned into a dark little street; she saw the great dome of the Pantheon looming against the starry sky; they turned again and the elder girl said, "It's here." It was the street of St. Etienne du Mont. The house was tall and narrow and old. They went up many pairs of stairs to a little garret under the eaves. There were two chairs, a table, a mattress on the floor, a stove, and a tame



"INCOGNITA."



MADEMOISELLE WALLERY.

the tame bird lived. Now Marcelle was pretty—beautiful in face and figure. One of the girls in the shop said to her, "If you want to make some money, come with me Sunday."

"How can I make some money?" she asked.

"Posing," and they explained to her what that meant and added, "You can make twenty-five cents an hour."

An hour—it was opulence beyond the dreams of avarice. Next Sunday a young painter began a study of her head; then others engaged her, and others. Finally a sculptor, who was still young but had already known the heady pleasures of success, asked her to pose "for the figure." For a week she hesitated; she talked it over with herself and the tame sparrow, with her friend and the table and the two chairs and the mattress on the floor; then, having hesitated, she said "Yes." She was the model for Theodore Spicer-Simson's "Psyche," which had its year of fame in Paris before

sparrow it vanished into the duskier immortality of one of the private galleries. I think Marcelle would like to buy that "Psyche" now (and she is rich enough to pay down its weight in silver), for it represents her first pose and it is the image of her youth.

This success launched her. She now became "all the rage"; her engagements were booked for a year ahead; money rolled in upon her in golden waves—honest money, too, for was she not nicknamed Jeanne d'Arc by reason of her proud virtue? Not Sinfu Lovell, who was the real heroine of "Aylwin," carried herself more proudly through the tinsel dangers of the studio.

"She was like a white nymph among the green brakes," said the sculptor, who is also a poet.

She posed for Spicer-Simson's "Baig-



MADEMOISELLE HAYGATE.



THE GIPSY MODEL.

nause," that gracious figure in which there is such white womanhood and such a ripple of young life—even in the chill of the marble life moves; she posed, too, for his sleeping figure of Eve. The latter one you may know, for a copy of it is now in New York. Eve lies dreaming in all the unconsciousness of Eden, but among the grasses the serpent coils, monstrous and shining, whispering to her, it may be, the dream.

And at this point the story of Marcelle takes an air of commonplace fiction. The rich young hero came out of the west. He saw the statue, but he loved the model. He met her and married her and took her away to Buenos Ayres.

There is a curious error, which many art connoisseurs share with the general public, that the painter gets the beauty of his picture out of his own head—decants it, as it were, from his inner consciousness of the beautiful. Of course, this is all rubbish. There was never a picture of a beautiful woman for which a beautiful model did not pose. Raphael's enormous success was due in a great measure to the luck he had in finding the model whose beauty suited his genius. The "beauty pictures" of the present hour are similar results of lucky discoveries of suitable models. Nature fashions all kinds of

beautiful women. She fashions painters with various instincts of beauty. The painter's task—it is a problem as simple as matrimony—is to find that particular piece of nature's handiwork that squares with his own genius; then he will give the world the best that is in him. Dubufe, Asti, Belzim, Spicer-Simson and a few others, working in color or clay, have impressed upon the popular mind their ideals of beauty. Let us thank their models.

Asti especially; his glorious red-haired women—splendidly beautiful as Leslie-Carter—have gone round half the world: they have been photographed and rephotographed; they haunt the shop-windows, these Titian girls. He did not build them up out of his dreams. One and all they are Aimable. This year they will tell you that Asti has found his second manner: that is quite true, for Aimable, his model, is dead. There was nothing very tragic in her story; even her death was commonplace. She came from the Côtes-du-Nord. She did not remember her father. Her mother was a "garde barrière"—that is, one of those dreary women who stand stiffly by the roadside to flag the passing trains. While still a young girl, she was sent up to Paris to take a place as servant in some shopkeeper's family. She lost that position, and secured employment in a toy-manufactory, where for a year or two she painted little tin soldiers. Then it came her turn to taste the honey of romance. A young school-teacher in an école primaire met her and wooed her. The idyl was charming; as soon as he received promotion they were to be



MADEMOISELLE MARTHÉ.

married (I wonder how many times this story has been told—and lived. Life seems to trot round in the same worn circle, like a blind mill-horse).

Well, you know the rest. One night the schoolmaster came home. He was quite elated; he told Aimable that he was to be promoted—transferred to Algiers at a far larger salary; he would go the next day, and in a week he would send for her and they would be married.

Not in a week, nor many weeks, little girl! Aimable waited; she grew heartsick with waiting; that is why Asti painted her in other days as "The Woman Who Waits." The schoolmaster never wrote. When all her money was gone and she was half starving, she went out to look for work. The painter met her in the street, by chance, and spoke to her and asked her if she would like him to paint her face and hair. He painted her in "The Dream," in "The Brown Bud," in "The Woman Who Waits" and many other popular pictures. She grew thin in the last few years.



LA CAVALIERE.

Last winter she became homesick. She went back to the little hut beside the railway tracks in the north, where her mother still flagged the trains.

There she died.

That is all any of us know of Aimable—the silent girl whose red hair and sad, pale eyes will not be forgotten until Angelo Asti's canvases have mouldered into oblivion. And when will that be? you ask. Did I know where Asti buys his canvas—and what quality he selects—it might not be difficult to answer. Let us praise him and pass; he has made pretty pictures of pretty women, and in these strenuous days a little beauty now and then is relished by the best of men.

Models, like queens, content themselves with one name. Withal they have a pretty taste in nomenclature. Esmeralda, Albertina, Magda—these are names that have the true pseudonymic ring. I have mentioned the six best-known models in Paris—those of the last few years. Then there is Valdrade. Her star is just coming up over the horizon. She poses in Jean Damp's studio in the Rue Campagne-Première. She is only a



MADEMOISELLE DARTY.



POSING FOR "THE FLOWER DANCE."

the Oriental superstition of "touching for the good fortune." Her day has just begun, but twenty years from now her face will be seen looking out at you from many a masterpiece.

Magda's fame is broad in the world. She has been consecrated—if I may use a word that found political favor a few years ago—by the cold, suave and specious talent of Bouguereau himself. She has stood for scores of his correct and elegant nymphs and loves and dancing-girls. Only the other day I met her in Monsieur Bouguereau's latest Salon picture.

Esmeralda is perhaps higher in the world than any of her sisters. Besnard used her as a model for one of the figures in the great composition which he has made for the ceiling of the Hotel de Ville. But then she has passed through all the great studios of Paris, leaving it may be a little of her beauty in each of them. She it was

child, and an odd child. Her ancestors must have been gipsies or Hindoos, for she is a dusky little maid, with eyes black as sloes. When she comes into the studio, she flutters about and touches everything—the knobs of the chairs, the corners of tables and picture-frames, even the buttons on the master's Florentine waistcoat—for she cherishes

who sat for Serindat de Belzim's smiling and beflowered girl.

Always women think regretfully of the dear dead days when they loved their mirrors. The coming of wrinkles and gray hairs is not a small tragedy in this artificial life of ours. It is not pleasant to die a little each day—and know it. It is not pleasant to feel one's muscles stiffen, one's thought harden, one's face settle into unyouthful forms and lines that are confessions. Old age is always a little pitiable, be it only the pathetic old age of the circus-horse, hobbling his poor best. But the woman whose life and livelihood are her beauty—can you imagine what old age is to her, *mes amis*? The old actress, whose youth has withered and gone out, long before she can lie down and take her rest? The old model, who has shrunk and faded into unloveliness? Believe me, their St. Helenas are more tragic than any known of defeated Emperors or of poets who have outlived their fame.

There is a woman—

No; let me tell the story this way.

Twenty years ago a painter, whose name I shall not mention yet, achieved success and fortune by painting pretty and effective pictures of the nude. There was not a Salon in which he did not exhibit. The picture-dealers quarreled for his pictures.

He turned out scores of pictures—and in each of them was a slim girl, who posed in the red of the firelight, or lolled dreaming among the pillows, or rose radiant and white from some woodland brook. Now all this meant



MADEMOISELLE VARENA.

that the artist, who had competent technique, had found the model who fitted his genius like a glove. He had found the model who could collaborate with his talent. And that, you know, is the great thing in painting. The years went by—even as they do in young women's novels; taste changed; people tired of the pictures; critics told the artist he was "in a rut" and pelted him with epigrams. He changed his style. He went in for landscape. He tried portraiture. People had come to think of him as a man with a knack of doing only one kind of work, and of that they had tired. Some way or other, he could not succeed. Little by little he dropped out of sight. His name did not appear in the catalogues. He was the Man Who Had Dropped Out. I do not quite know how he lived, except that he repainted the pictures of his youth and sold them where he could. At first every means of winning a new success was tried desperately. Gradually he became reconciled to failure and was glad when a mere living could be eked out. Often this even was in question. The



MADemoisELLE VILLERS.



MADemoisELLE DUFRENE.

trouble was, he could not find his way again—and he was a man of only a bit over forty.

He had a studio, a gaunt, bare place, over in the Boulevard Edgar Quinet. A few months ago he was sitting there, staring gloomily at an empty canvas. A little ambition had flickered up in him and he was trying to scheme out a picture for the Salon; yes, he would try again; he would force the doors of the Salon—the scene of his old triumphs; but with what? He looked at his old sketches—slim and gracile nudités—studies made long ago; he felt that he could paint something in the manner of his youth and better than he had ever done. But what subject? He was like Nora in "The Doll's House," who dreamed fancifully of an old gentleman, but—"there wasn't any old gentleman."

There was a knock at the door; a little woman came in; she was dressed in shabby finery and, in fact, she was dirty. Her breath came quick, for she had climbed four pairs of stairs, but she tried to smile coquettishly.

"Do you want a model?" asked the little old woman, holding the door ajar.

The north light came full upon her; as the painter looked he could see every wrinkle in her unwashed, painted face, the

bags under her burnt-out eyes, the sag of her shoulders, and all the tawdry ribboned rags that shook as she stood there trembling on her rheumatic legs; so grotesque the figure was that in spite of himself he smiled.

The woman answered the smile, but with such a pitiable attempt at gaiety. She hobbled forward with ghastly coquetry.

"I've not changed much," she said brightly. "I can pose as well as ever."

"You, it is you, Yvonne!" the painter cried, for this was indeed the model of his youth who had come up to him from what black years of sin and misery he could easily imagine; he put his hand in his pocket to give her what money he could spare; then he would send her away. Yvonne understood. She sank into a chair and began to sob—perhaps until then she had not realized how far she had fallen away from her youth.

"I'm not a beggar," she said. "I came to pose."

The man was touched; memories of pleasant and prosperous times they had spent together arose; he recollected it was on her he had built up the fame of his early days.

"Of course you shall pose," he said kindly. "There, Yvonne, take your place on the stand—there!"

She got up, trying to smile; her drag-

gled hat wobbled on her gray hairs; she threw off her coat and removed the waist of her dress.

"No, no," said the artist; "that will do, Yvonne."

As she stood there pathetic and abject, he made his sketch; for many days after that she came and posed for him—it was the only way he could help her. It was

not only the money; the work was a tonic for her. At last the painting was finished; he put it away and went back to his picture for the Salon. He could make nothing of it.

"We're both failures," he said at last, laughing grimly. "Yvonne and I—I'll send in the study I made of her."

Need I tell you the rest?

"The Old Model" was the success of the year. Its truth and pathos made it a masterpiece. Vogue came back to the old master. To-day he is famous as ever, only now he paints old women—faded and pitiable old women who are com-

ments, at once grim and sad, on the life of our day. And Yvonne, who was his first model, is his last.

I have not told you his name yet; but why should you and I pry into another man's secrets, while he lives? Some day he will have his monument and a Latin epitaph—let us be well-bred and discreet, and await the disclosures of the Latin epitaph.



POSING AS "THE COQUETTE."



## OLD AMERICAN SEA-FIGHTS.

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, 2d.

THERE is something grand and imposing in a naval battle in mid-sea which is lacking in even the greatest encounters of vast armies. In the one there is always the possibility that reinforcements may arrive, news of a truce be brought or that night-fall will cover a successful retreat, leaving the defeated of to-day to form the nucleus of a victorious army of the morrow. But in the early days of the American navy, when a ship was sent out usually unaccompanied and with the broadest and most general orders, those on board realized that the possibility of assistance from any source was reduced to a minimum. When, with spreading sails, a vessel is drawing to close quarters

probably the destruction of all on board.

The classification which divides men according to business or profession is of little use in judging them. The broadest distinction which may be made between men is that which ranks them among either those

who accomplish or those who fail. In summing up a life the only true measure by which a just estimate may be formed is based on a consideration of what good or evil has actually been done. Intentions, however good, play of themselves an insignificant part. It is chiefly because the record of American naval officers has been one of most brilliant accomplishment under the heaviest difficulties that it is interesting to consider their careers.



Drawn by George Gibbs.

THE BATTERED HULK OF THE "GUERRIÈRE" SURRENDERS TO THE "CONSTITUTION."

with an enemy, surrounded only by a dim expanse of horizon, there is an element of finality which lifts men out of the ordinary affairs of life. Death must be looked in the face. A common fate impends, for the purpose of such an encounter is the mortal wounding of the enemy's ship, entailing

Particularly are the earlier sea-fights instructive. There was then more room for individual action on the part of the officer in command, since he usually cruised alone and directed his actions as seemed best to him, communication with him, once he was out of port, being well-nigh impossible.



*Drawn by George Gibbs.*

REID'S BRAVE DEFENSE OF AN AMERICAN PRIVATEER IN THE WAR OF 1812.

Early American naval success is undoubtedly due in a measure to the character of the first settlers of the country. All the European nations which were powerful on the sea had settlements in North America. England, Holland, France, Spain and Portugal were represented by bands of adventurous colonists, differing widely according to nationality in religion, character, and mode

of life, but possessing in common instinctive nautical skill. Moreover, the settlements were all on the coast and the only safe means of communication was by coasting-vessel. As early as 1632, twelve years after the Pilgrims' landing, a hundred-ton vessel was launched on Mystic River, Massachusetts. But beyond the fact that they were naturally a seafaring people, lies a



*Drawn by George Gibbs.*

FINDING THE "ESSEX" READY FOR ACTION. THE BRITISH ARE COURTEOUS  
TO CAPT. DAVID PORTER.



*Drawn by George Gibbs.*

LAWRENCE MORTALLY WOUNDED ON THE "CHESAPEAKE."

truer reason for the success which meant so much to the young Republic. Removed from all but the simplest kind of living, with muscles trained in daily struggle with resisting nature, the race was physically strong; with bitter conflict and ever-present danger inevitably to be foreseen, the coward dared not emigrate to the new land, and the physical strength of the men on whom the future of our Republic depended was matched by their moral courage. In

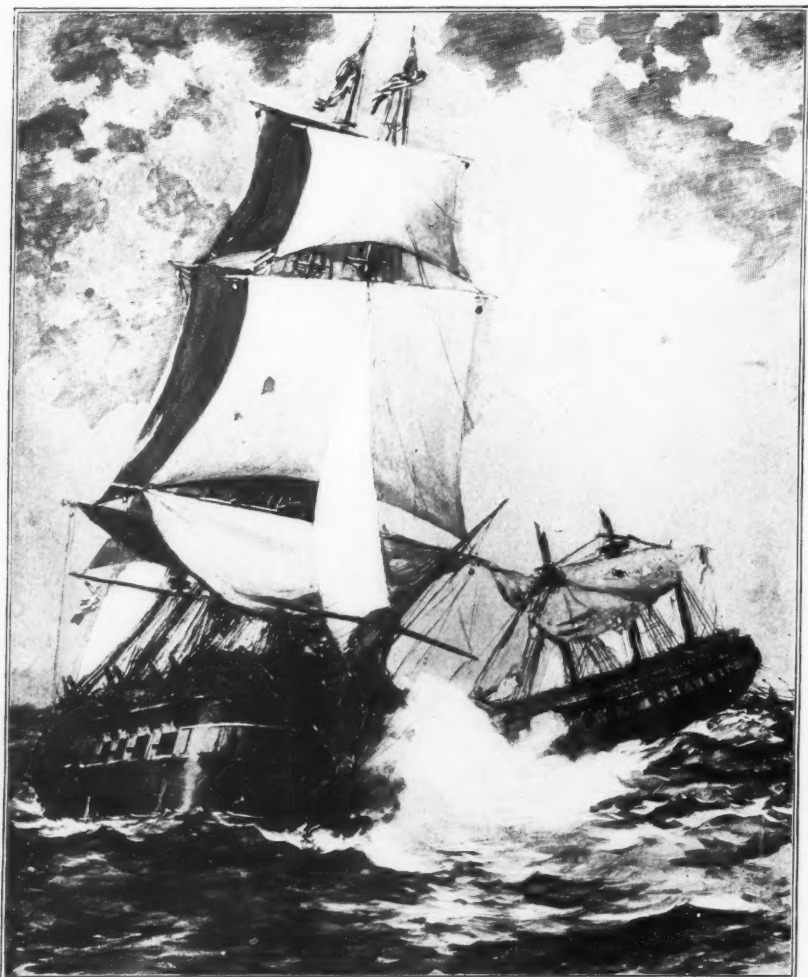
measuring a burden to be shouldered they estimated not the means of evading it, but the amount of strength required to bear it to its appointed place.

The American Navy really dates its birth back to a short while after the battle of Bunker Hill, when the Continental Congress ordered the building of thirteen ships-of-war. Almost all of these small vessels were captured or burnt to avoid capture before the war was over—not, however, before



*Drawn by George Gibbs.*

MACDONOUGH OFFERING PRAYER ON THE "SARATOGA" BEFORE THE BATTLE  
OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.



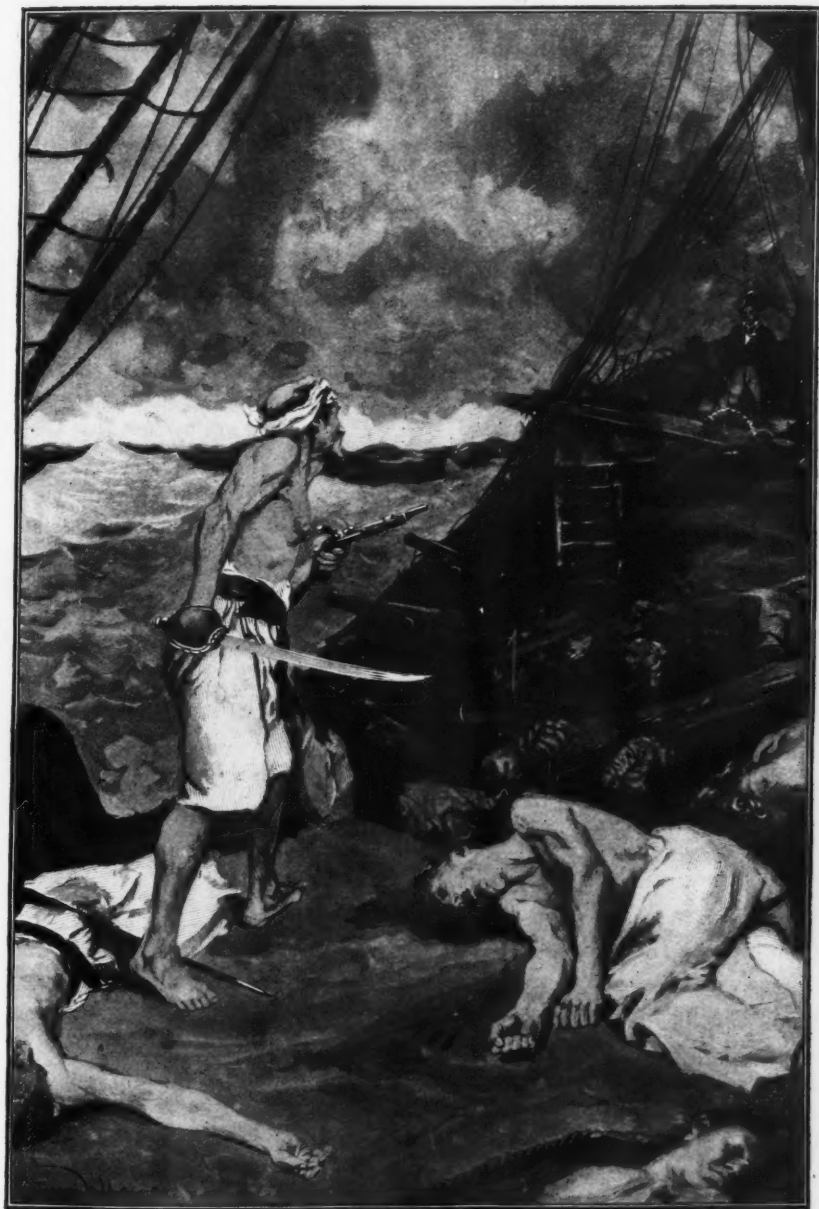
*Drawn by George Gibbs.*

DECATUR IN THE "UNITED STATES" RAKING THE "MACEDONIAN."

they had done good service for their side. Abraham Whipple, a Rhode Islander who had successfully captained the privateer "Gamecock" in the French war and now owned a ship of his own, was recognized as Commodore. He was a man of action, of few words but of convincing bearing, and his is the first figure to stand out prominently in American naval warfare.

He it was who organized on the spur of the moment the band of untrained volun-

teers that poured over the decks of the British "Gaspé," stranded in Narragansett Bay, and burnt her after capturing her crew. His hand fired the first gun of the Revolution over the water, in the taking of a tender of the "Rose." He captained the "Columbus," and later the "Providence," which took more British prizes than any other American vessel. His last act of importance was bringing to Boston eight ships of the enemy worth a million



*Drawn by George Gibbs.*

THE DECK OF THE "FROLIC" AS THE YANKEE CREW OF THE "WASP" BOARDED HER.

dollars. Shortly afterward he was taken prisoner and held until the war was over, when he finally settled quietly in Ohio, claiming no reward, but rejoicing that the prime of his life had been spent in successfully defending the principles in which he believed.

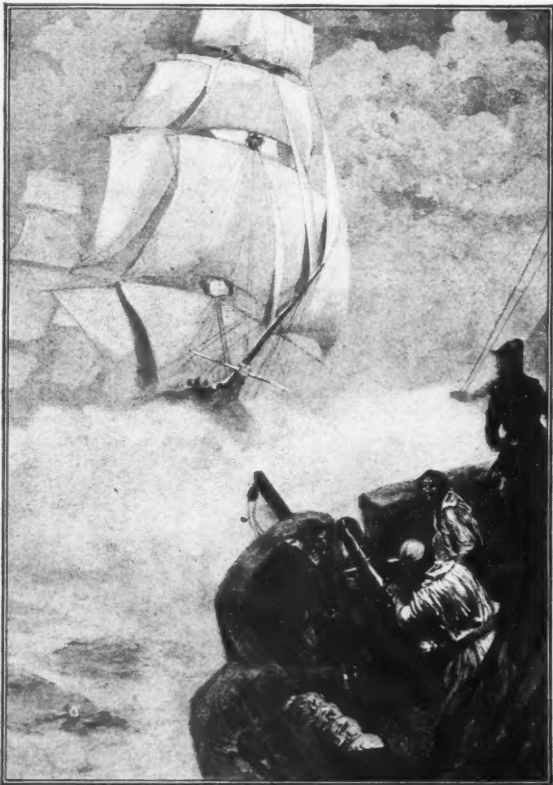
Such was the first commander of the American navy—a sturdy figure to look back on, a man with a clean record of accomplishment.

From the outset of the war of the Revolution, the United States had to rely almost solely on itself for naval strength. While the French had reinforced the Continental army greatly, the naval engagements they undertook for their sister Republic did not amount to much. One looks in vain for a French ally upon the ocean as great as was Lafayette on land. The chief hope of the Americans was John

Paul Jones, a Scot by birth, more capable as a naval commander than any other of his time. Franklin seems to have been the first American of importance to recognize this. Through his influence Jones, after carrying to a successful issue several less important commissions, was placed in charge of the "Bonhomme Richard," an old Indiaman obtained from France, from

whose decks the engagement with the "Serapis," one of the most brilliant battles in all naval history, was fought. After exchanging several broadsides, the two ships had fouled, and Jones, in spite of the Englishman's efforts to swing clear, succeeded in lashing them together inextricably. The battle was desperate. The "Serapis" was vastly superior in armament; its crew was trained and disciplined, while

that of Jones was motley and unused to his command. In all but one thing the odds lay with the Englishman—Jones had determined inflexibly to win. Caution might have dictated flight; fear of death might have prompted him not to lash the ships together, so that one might survive to pick up the men of the sinking vessel. All thoughts were merged into one—the determination to win. Those who doubt the power of a

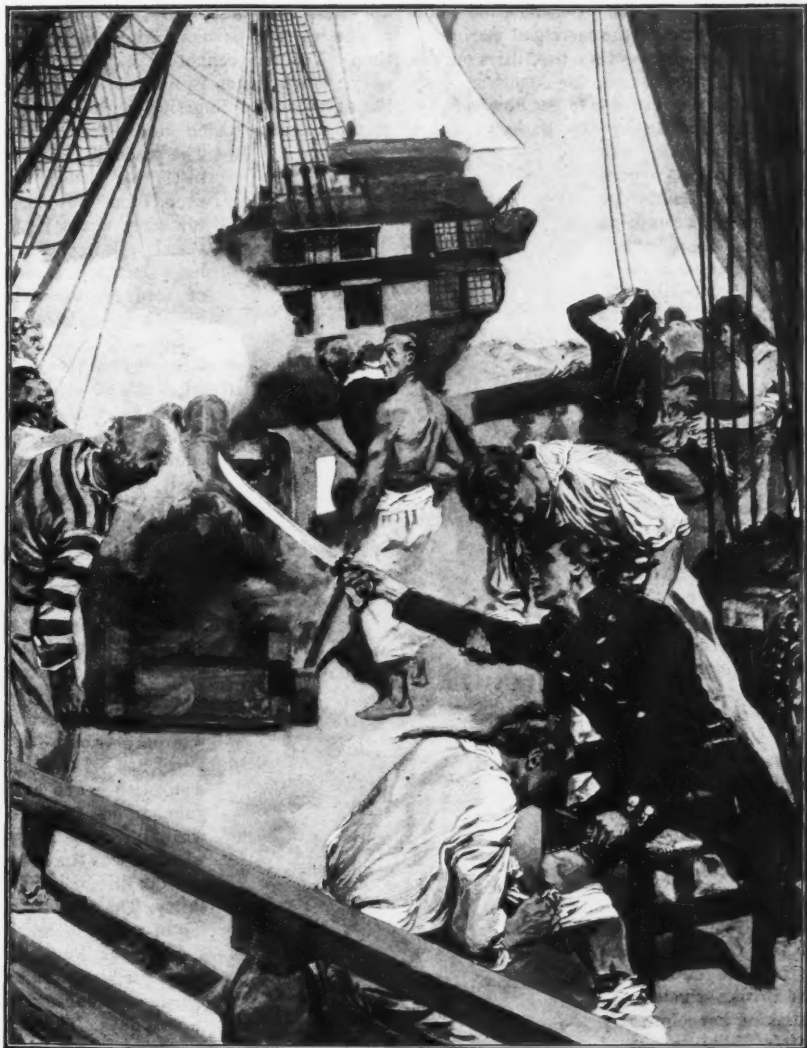


Drawn by George Gibbs.

THE "CONSTITUTION" RUNNING A BLOCKADE IN THE FOG.

single man, of himself alone, to achieve success, should reflect that the seat of the Americans' advantage was the brain of John Paul Jones.

It was inevitable, however, that so small a navy as that of the United States could not long remain intact under the blows of the British men-of-war. At the close of 1779 our regular navy consisted of only six



*Drawn by George Gibbs.*

THE THIRTY-TWO-GUN FRIGATE "RANDOLPH" ENGAGING THE SIXTY-SIX-GUN SHIP-OF-THE-LINE "YARMOUTH."

vessels of war, the lowest ebb it had ever reached; but the struggle was maintained, assistance being rendered by privateers and armed merchantmen. Summarized results tell a story better than elaborate description. Of the small Continental navy twenty-four vessels had been sunk or captured when peace came, while the English loss was one hundred and two men-of-war.

At the close of the war the United States sold all but three of the few remaining ships, and there was much opposition to increasing the navy, till the growing trouble with France made this necessary. Indeed, it is likely that war would have been declared openly had not the young Republic again demonstrated its naval strength by the capture of a French frigate by Commo-

dore Truxton in the "Constellation" and by arming most of the merchant marine.

But when even covert hostilities on the part of France ceased, the American navy did not have a chance to forget how to fight. The depredations of the Barbary pirates called for able men and vigorous action. Preble and Bainbridge commenced a campaign against them which was maintained intermittently until Decatur dealt piracy its death-blow in 1815.

But the most admirable chapter of naval history is that which deals with the second war with Great Britain. Comparing the rival forces—men, ships, guns—the result is unsurpassed in naval annals for promptness and efficiency.

At the end of the war but three important engagements had been lost by the United States—one that of the ill-fated "Chesapeake," manned by a mutinous crew; the second that of the "Essex," after a series of unavoidable misfortunes; the third that of the "President," captured after being raked fore and aft by an entire fleet of British frigates, and striking her colors only after disabling one of her enemies.

This was the result achieved in more than a score of battles with a nation deemed invincible since the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

Every American naturally feels proud of the greatness and efficiency of our present navy. Its evolution has been a wonderful thing, and a single modern battle-ship could

doubtless have destroyed the entire navies of the warring powers during the Revolution. Yet one cannot think of the old navy, which meant so much to the United States, without a lingering regret over the picturesqueness which has passed away.

The graceful sweep of bellying sails; the deep, broad bows and towering spars; the vessel gliding noiselessly, but for the creak of cordage, over the broad sea—all these are things of the past. Our modern battle-ships, with ribs of steel and huge armored sides, racked by pounding engines, have little similarity to the ships of Jones or Truxton or Preble. Nor does the dissimilarity between the early navy and that of to-day cease here. The men themselves differed as widely as the vessels they commanded. During the war with Tripoli, Decatur was only twenty-four, Perry, Somers and Macdonough were still younger, and Lawrence was only sixteen. Perry, when he won the battle of Lake Erie, was under thirty. The naval training of to-day embraces a course at Annapolis and practice cruises which were unheard of in early days. The man in charge of a modern fleet has grown gray before receiving such an appointment. The evolution of the navy

itself has been no more rapid than that of the American naval officer. But the main point remains the same. Of no profession can it be said more truly that efficiency has been its keynote. Beyond this it is unnecessary to go.



Drawn by George Gibbs.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN SAILOR OF 1812.

## MRS. EVANS' LAST SENSATION.

BY FRANCIS WILLING WHARTON.

IT was a mild November afternoon; the sun was wrapped in a golden haze; the air hardly stirred.

Mrs. Evans threw open the window and, leaning on the sill, looked along a cross-street of the city which stretched its slender length to the river far away, beautified by the violet tints of the soft autumn mists. A great wide-girthed horse-chestnut tree stood on the pavement and thrust one strong arm against the house, hanging a few russet leaves almost within her reach.

She stood fifteen feet above the street. Below glanced the gilded points of the iron railing that inclosed a strip of grass between it and the house.

The room within was a delightful one. The shades of color were commingled with almost the art of Nature, the books and flowers blending so that they seemed to grow from the same stems, the mirrors so hidden amid the palms and bamboos that you felt the mysteries of a forest about you.

Turning from the window, Mrs. Evans wandered restlessly amid the comfort of the room that was so prone to lay its chains on her and keep her idling half the day, and going to the piano she touched the keys, letting a few notes slip out upon the air; then, with something very like a shiver, she took up her walk again, and after taking half a dozen books out of the cases and sliding them back with only a half-page read, came to anchor at last near the hearth. Here on any day that was not tropical a log smoldered, and leaning wearily on the mantel-shelf the mistress of the room stared down amid the ashes.

Raising her eyes, she let them rest a moment on a note lying unanswered on her desk. To a casual person it would have read simply enough, with perhaps one enigmatical sentence, but it had given Mrs. Evans food for thought during any and every odd hour of the night.

There is no law in civilized society that prevents a man from loving a woman he cannot marry, but there is a law that prohibits his telling her of his love if she is the wife of another man.

Should she pass it by unanswered and try to pacify something that had risen in

her and that had the absurd air of being a conscience, by striving to forget the keen pang of pleasure she had felt in first reading it and by appearing, in the presence of the eager eyes that watched her, to be unaware that she had even received it? If, on the other hand, she resented it and he took her at her word, what would lift from her the terrible ennui that had begun to press so closely upon her? Mrs. Evans gave an impatient sigh and clasped her hands across her eyes.

The room was so still that the rustle of a skirt outside the door was plainly heard, and Mrs. Evans' brow contracted as she faced in that direction, but, a slight smile touched her lips as she saw the new-comer, who advanced swiftly and yet with a certain pretty hesitation.

"My dear"—Mrs. Evans shook the slim gloved hand extended to her with empressement—"I am so glad to see you! I'm dying, simply dying of ennui. A horrible blackness descended on me when I opened my eyes this morning and it has possessed me ever since. How charming you look! What a dove of a bonnet!"

"Praise from Sir Hubert," rejoined Mrs. Lacy gaily, "'is praise indeed!' I slipped past that lion Hawkins and came straight up, for I am in a hurry. I have come to carry you off. We have such a nice party for this afternoon and evening. We don't know where we'll dine, but Nick takes us on his coach, and we'll be just eight with you. You'll come?"

The brief animation had died from her hostess' face.

"The coach?" she said doubtfully. "Nick? He and I are on the outs." There was no additional color on her cheek nor did her eyes wander toward the unanswered note lying a few feet away.

Mrs. Lacy had sunk into a chair and drawn off one pretty gray glove. She was a slender exquisite, to use the old phrase for those whose care of their persons was remarkable to the observer; she had no beauty, but her daintiness made it a privilege to look at her. She smoothed her glove with her white fingers, her innocent-looking soft blue eyes following the motion.

"So you and Nick fell out?" she said. "Well, he has had enough of that, it seems, for it was he who said the party would be incomplete unless you went. Even I, you know"—she broke off and laughed—"even I could have got on without you, as we were in a hurry. No woman is essential to the happiness of another, after all, is she? But Nick didn't seem to know what it meant to go without your company—so do come!"

Mrs. Evans from the depths of her favorite chair shook her head.

"My dear, I should be a death's-head at the feast! What do you suppose I've been doing all the afternoon? Playing Schumann!"

Mrs. Lacy fixed her eyes on her inquiringly.

"What does that signify?" pursued her hostess. "Why, it's summed up in one horrible heartbreaking thing called 'Warum,' and when I play it I wonder why I was ever born."

Mrs. Lacy laughed. "You! With a score of envious eyes following you every time you cross a room?"

Mrs. Evans rose suddenly and, throwing out her hands with a weary gesture, stood in front of her visitor.

"It's horrible when one gets thinking," she began, fixing her eyes on the other woman's upturned face. She had clear, lustrous eyes that held you at all times; just now they were brilliant with discontent. "Warum? Cui bono! Why? I could stamp that word on everything I do, on everything that I have ever done. Why was I in love with one man at eighteen and married to another at twenty? Why do I detest women of fashion and make them my only friends? Why do I despise men about town and flirt with any and all? What have I got out of it all? An empty heart, a tired body and a restless mind; all eager, hungry for sensations, sensations that will send the blood quicker through my veins and dilate the pupils of these weary eyes." She walked the length of the room and, coming back, stood with her arms hanging listless at her sides, looking down at the eager countenance that studied her in wonder. "Ah, I am bored!" she went on. "Bored to death! So bored that I am frightened. Surely it can't be that I've

made a mistake all these years! In some other world, perhaps, where things are managed differently——"

There was silence; then Mrs. Lacy in her turn rose and stood by the hearth looking down on the ashes.

"Does it catch you too?" she said slowly. "I have always thought you were too strong, and—forgive me—too ruthless. I think I am glad—you are not. Perhaps——" Then she made a quick gesture as though to wipe something away from her sight. "What folly all this!" she cried. "You and I philosophizing on this lovely afternoon! It is the red leaves of autumn that have done it. Come, let us enjoy ourselves. Gather ye roses while ye may. There will not always be a young man with a coach waiting for your favors. Keep all this till you are asked to chaperon your friends' daughters."

Mrs. Evans stood up beside her and with a gentle movement pushed her toward the door.

"Go, my dear," she said. "Make haste; the afternoon is flying. And if Nick is cross, why don't you all come back here and dine? Do! That is a real idea. By that time I shall be in a heavenly mood and eager for your company. I shall expect you at eight. Coaching-dresses, of course. Now fly——"

Mrs. Lacy walked to the door and, turning there, she raised her fingers to her lips and threw a kiss across the room with a smile that gave it the reality of a caress. A moment after, she was gone.

Mrs. Evans slipped back into her chair by the fire and let her lids close wearily. Through the stillness of the room she heard the carriage drive away from the door and felt herself alone again with her melancholy. Why need it be melancholy?

Sitting with her eyes closed in the perfumed stillness, she was floating into a sort of day-dream when she suddenly felt sharply conscious that she was no longer alone. Without opening her eyes, she listened intently and heard a stealthy sound. It sent a very disagreeable pang through her and she slowly raised her eyes.

In the window were the head and shoulders of a young man—an instant, and he had dropped into the room and stood looking about him. She stared at him,

fascinated. As his eyes traveled round the room, they met hers, and with a spring he reached her side and, catching her throat in his hands, slipped one hand over her mouth.

There was a long moment of silence; then her unexpected visitor spoke.

"Don't scream, don't make a sound. This is life and death to me."

She nodded, and after an instant of hesitation he released her and stood back, his eyes fastened on her face.

It struck her as strange and grimly amusing that she should be handled like that by any one in her own house, and whatever she had felt of anything resembling fear suddenly left her. She felt a conviction that he would not hurt her; he did not look dangerous. And yet he looked utterly desperate. She put her hands up to her neck and felt it. Then she looked at him; there was almost a smile upon her lips.

"What do you want?" she asked slowly. "The candlesticks?"

There came a change over his face, and yet she could trace no flush.

"I am not a thief," he answered. "I am hiding from the men who are on my track. I have escaped from——" He hesitated.

She took up his words quickly. "From where?"

His eyes still held her doggedly. "From prison."

"I see," returned Mrs. Evans slowly. "You are a——"

"I am a convict." He had folded his arms tightly across his breast and looked at her with a curious change of expression. A sort of terrible patience had crept over it, a patience terrible in one so young; she thought he could hardly be out of his twenties, and yet despair was evidently a familiar guest within him, it had left such open marks upon his countenance.

"It isn't pleasant to be nearly strangled, and frightened into the possession of a lock of gray hair," began Mrs. Evans, "but I suppose I might as well fall in with your views, as you may be said to have the best of me—so—there's the floor——" She paused a moment, then added, "Why don't you go?"

He dropped his arms at his sides with a hopeless gesture. "You don't understand," he said. "I am being chased. They

may be in the street now—I can't go down except to certain capture. If I—if I——"

He hesitated.

"If you! If you!" repeated Mrs. Evans. "I really think you are proposing not only to jump into my window but to spend the afternoon!" Her beautiful eyes mocked him.

He had forgotten to watch her. He looked down at his hands instead, his dirty, roughened hands. "I know how you feel," he began slowly. "A common malefactor, I am that to you—but if you knew the place I come from, where I have been eating my heart out these last six years, where I shall spend twenty more if they take me—if, you knew what it meant to rot in a prison month after month—I believe you would pity me and——"

Mrs. Evans rose suddenly. "Hush," she said. "Go—there—yes, there." She pushed the young man behind a big Japanese screen and, sitting again by the fire, picked up a book that lay on its face on the little table beside her. The parquet in the hall outside had done good service; one second intervened before Hawkins crossed the room. "An officer is below, madam," he began. "They are looking for a runaway convict and they seem to think he might be in the house." He got no farther, for behind him came a burly policeman, a little short of wind, armed with the usual assurance of his kind.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, "but we're looking for an escaped convict and we thought he might have got in your window. If he didn't, we can't make out where in—heaven he could have gone to. We was pretty certain he turned in this street, and he has just gone up in a balloon, ma'am, as you might say."

"You don't say so, officer!" Mrs. Evans exclaimed. "Here? How exciting! A runaway convict! But you don't really expect to find him in my room? How could he come in without my knowing it?"

The man shook his head. "I don't say he could have done that," he returned, puzzled. "But that window was about the only place he could have got into in the street. Have you been here constant, ma'am?"

Mrs. Evans gazed gravely into his face. "Quite constant, officer," she answered.

"I have not left the room for several hours and I do not really think a man could come in my window without my knowing it." She gave a sudden little laugh, then added: "Look through the house and be sure he isn't hiding anywhere. It makes me quite nervous to think of it."

The man turned toward the door. "We'll be moving on, ma'am," he answered. "There isn't a chance of him a-being in the house. He certainly is an uncommon slippery chap. We thought we'd treed him sure."

"Uncommon slippery, is he?" repeated Mrs. Evans. "What's his offense?"

"Murder, ma'am." The man turned again to her. She gave a startled exclamation.

"Good God! You don't mean it."

"Yes, murder it was they told us—that is, in the second degree, or he'd have been hung and saved us a great deal of trouble. But he made a fine leap for his life at the prison," he added, in reluctant admiration.

Mrs. Evans leaned back in her chair. "Oh, he did, did he?" she said. "Well, it's to be hoped he won't make a fine leap for mine. Hawkins, show the officer out."

She exchanged a dignified bow with her second uninvited guest, then, rising, followed him and, leaning over the stairs outside, saw him leave the house and Hawkins disappear to his own mysterious regions. Then she came back and, standing in the middle of the room, spoke.

"You can come out," she said.

He obeyed her, and in the dead silence that seemed to reign there after the bustle of a few moments before, they faced each other.

He took a step toward her, opening his hands with a nervous, deprecating movement that was an appeal.

"Don't, don't be afraid of me," he said hurriedly. "Don't think of me as a ruffian. It was a blow struck in hot blood, it was a fair fight—I am not the hardened villain you take me for."

Mrs. Evans still stood staring at him, but a little sigh of relief parted her lips.

"Oh—I am glad of that," she said. "I am glad of that. Perhaps you had excuses—reasons—only, you will understand, it's——"

He threw back his head with a low

groan. "Oh, I know, I know! My God, who knows better than I? Haven't I lived with the knowledge that I was an outcast, a pariah? Why should you not shrink from me? But yet you have saved me," he went on. "Given me a new lease of life. How can I thank you?"

Suddenly Mrs. Evans held up her hand. "Hush!" she whispered. "Hide!" and he slipped behind the screen, just in time.

"Mr. Lawrence, madam." Hawkins stood in the doorway.

Mrs. Evans dropped into her chair and picked up her book.

"Say I am not at home," she said. "I am not at home to any one. I have a book I want to finish, Hawkins, and I don't want to be disturbed. But bring up tea," she added, "and some muffins and—er—toast. I am hungry, Hawkins, very hungry, and bring it up at once." She settled back into her seat, put her feet on a stool and opening the book read steadily, one might even say ostentatiously, until she heard the butler's retreating step on the stair. Then she addressed the empty air. "Wait," she said, and returned to a grave perusal of the page before her.

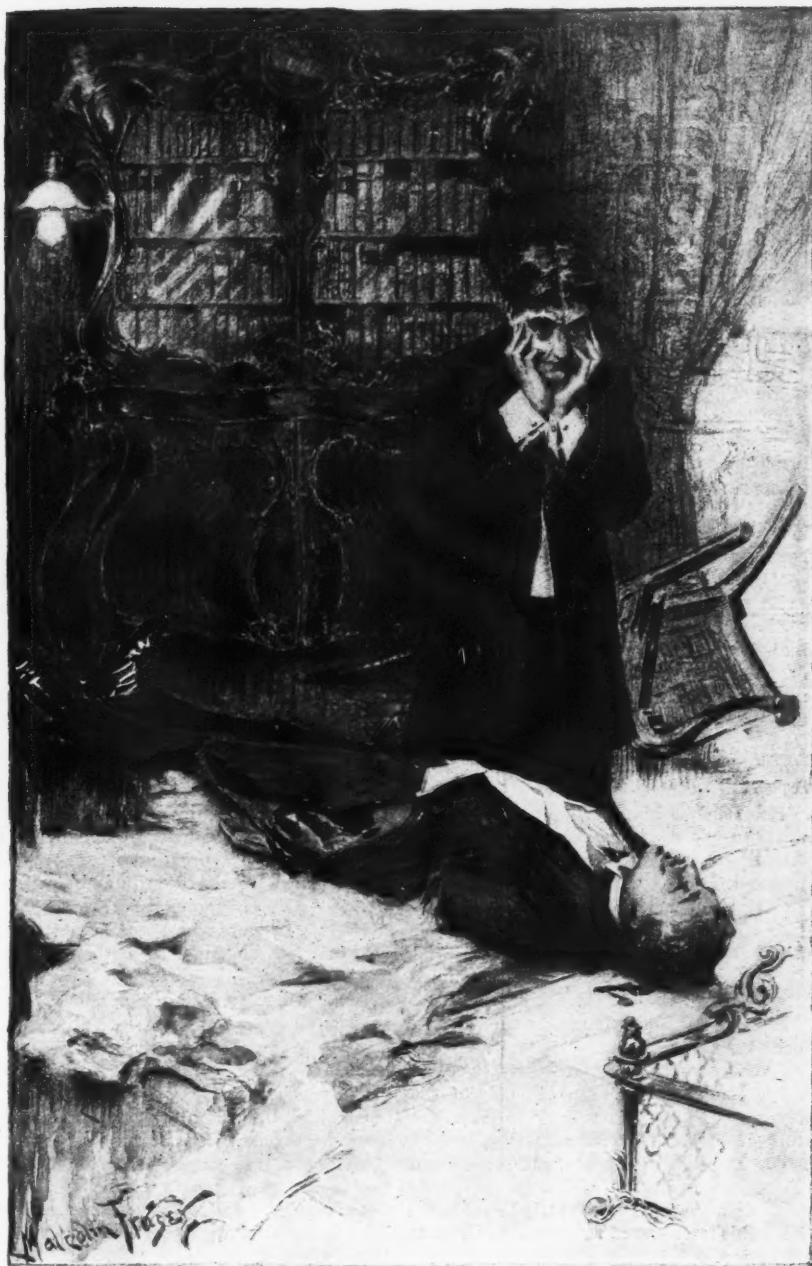
There was quiet in the room. Hawkins entering with the tray found Mrs. Evans as he had left her, nor could he be aware that she still read the same page. He set down the tray on the little table he had drawn close to her elbow, and standing gravely attendant, waited further orders. Mrs. Evans looked over the top of her book at the very respectable pile of muffins on one little plate and the equally satisfactory pile of toast on another.

"That is all," she remarked. "And please close the door; there is a horrid draft." The man drew the door to behind him. Mrs. Evans drew a deep breath.

"You can come," she said, and made a gesture toward a chair. "Sit down," she said, and after a moment's hesitation he did as she told him and, sliding down into the nearest seat, covered his face an instant with his hands, then looked up at her.

"It is so strange," he said.

She gave a little nod of comprehension, then occupied herself with her tea-making. He leaned back and watched her deft motions, and as she set the tea-pot down to draw, their eyes met. Leaning her elbow



Drawn by Malcolm Fraser.

"I KNELT BESIDE HIM . . . HE WAS DEAD."

on the arm of her chair, she looked at him for the first time with observant eyes.

He was a heavily made young man with rather a massive head. His features, naturally rugged, had been furrowed and seamed by hard times and hard thoughts. She wondered how some of the men she knew would look if fate had laced their mouths up with a leathern thong and stamped their brows with that terrible patience. She wondered whether he would not be rather a handsome fellow if he had a chance to wash and shave that square chin, and if his dark hair were a few weeks farther from the prison shears.

"So—for the present," she said, speaking in a gentler tone than he had heard, "you are safe. When do you propose to go?" There was a quizzical look in her lovely eyes.

He sat up, on the alert again. "When it's dark," he answered, with something in his manner that thanked her again for her forbearance in letting him remain.

"How?" she questioned.

He pointed to the window. "So."

She gave a queer little smile. "You like leaps," she said. "Well, if you drop out carefully, it isn't high. How many lumps do you take in your tea?" She was pouring it out as she spoke. He stared at her breathlessly, then suddenly remembered his manners and answered, "Two, please."

She handed him his cup and then held out the plate of muffins. "Muffins or toast?" she said. "Or both? You must be very hungry."

"Thank you," he returned, his gratitude again audible in his voice. It struck her that he had an expressive voice. Then he fell to, eating with appetite certainly, but she had known for some time that, whatever he might have become, he had once been a gentleman.

"This is the nicest tea-party I've had for a long time," began the lady of the house. She poured out her own tea as she talked. "What is your name?"

He had finished his cup, and set it down as he answered.

"My name is Cartwright," he said, and he in his turn looked at her with a different attention.

"I am Mrs. Evans," she said. "Our

introduction is now complete." She laughed. "Now tell me about the leap."

He was taking in slowly the fact of her personal charm. The color of her chestnut hair made a cut in his memory. His glance also wandered about the room and felt the luxury of it.

"What leap?" he replied, absently.

She gave a little laugh. "Why, your leap. You surely haven't forgotten it already?"

He stared at her. "Oh, from the prison?"

"Naturally," she answered. "Tell me about it. How was it?"

He hesitated. "Do you really want to know?" he asked.

"What a modest person you are!" she returned. "Most people are eager to tell of their feats. But I do really want to know."

"There is not much to tell," he said. "Desperate men take desperate means, that's all. A wall twenty-five feet high inclosed the prison and its yard. Opposite my window, and about ten feet below it, this wall ran within three feet of the building. I had got these clothes to cover my prison suit, and with my bar managed to squeeze through the aperture, and making a sort of dive landed on the wall. I held on somehow, and righting myself, dropped safely on the other side. That's all."

She looked into his face. "All! Had you missed?"

He leaned back with a grim smile. "I should have had no more trouble in this world."

She leaned eagerly toward him. "You mean"—she was going over it in her mind—"you mean you stood and leaped clear out into the air—so—onto my hand like that?"

He leaned forward and illustrated. "So—from the window—here—to the wall here." He touched first the tray and then her hand. It was only a light brushing of his fingers on hers, but he drew a deep breath, and, the prison banished, he looked into her face, then down at her hand again.

"How white your hand is!" he said slowly, and raising his eyes looked at her with wonder. "How beautiful you are! You mustn't mind," he went on quickly. "Don't, don't be offended with me, but I have been so unhappy, so starved for the

sight of something beautiful, that it seems like the gift of the God whom I have half forgotten, who has deserted me so long. I was a gentleman before I went into the prison at Hartley. I won't be rude; I only want to look at you. Forgive me."

His voice knocked at her not very accessible heart. "You miserable boy!" she murmured; "you poor, miserable boy!" She covered her face with her hands an instant, and felt suddenly how little of one kind of comfort she had to offer any one. Had she much more knowledge of the God he despaired of than he? "How old are you?" She looked up at him with eyes softened and full of pity, her mockery and cynicism gone.

He felt the change and responded to it. He took up the old habits of thought and language, and ceased to slouch his heavy shoulders; his dark brows cleared.

"I was twenty when I went in," he answered. "I am twenty-six now. Perhaps at the time you heard of it all." He hesitated. "Horrible as it was, I think you would not condemn me if you knew."

"Your name is Cartwright?" She gently led him on.

"Cartwright, Asher Cartwright," he went on. "The man was—Roger Cornish."

Mrs. Evans uttered a low exclamation.

"Cornish?—Cartwright? Was it at a town called Waverley? Were you that —?"

"Yes, I was that man. I was unhappy about my cousin at the time. You may remember that she gave testimony at the trial." He spoke doggedly.

Mrs. Evans looked at him with eager eyes, piecing together her recollections. "I remember," she responded. "Yes, it all comes back to me. At the time I was puzzled, and wondered quite how it had come to pass. Your cousin supplied the motive of your quarrel with Cornish. She said it was jealousy—that you thought Cornish loved her. You made no defense. Your father was the clergyman of the place. You were at college, a rowing man. You were home on your holiday. Yes, I remember it all."

"That's it," said Cartwright grimly; he paused a moment, then gave a sort of groan and covered his face with his hands.

She leaned toward him and touched his sleeve lightly. He started at the touch, dropped his hands and looked at her.

"Tell me," she demanded, "tell me the truth. It can hurt no one now and it will be a secret with me as well kept as when you bore it alone. I am used to keeping things to myself, and I want to know the truth. Tell it to me."

He had pulled his chair nearer; he was not far from her now, and her gracious presence warmed his chilled nature. He looked deep into her brilliant eyes.

"I have never said a word," he began slowly—"had never thought of speaking of it to any one. Every one accepted Alice's story and it was best at the time to let it rest, but if I might have some one human creature who understood, who believed in me—who——"

He stopped and set his teeth. Mrs. Evans put out her hand.

"Surely," she said, in her persuasive voice, "surely there is no question; we each of us may have one confidant of our troubles in this world; no one has ever denied that. Let me hear your story. It will take a weight from your shoulders, and—I ask from no idle curiosity. I feel that fate has thrown us together and perhaps I can be of use to you. Now go on."

The young man fixed his eyes on her and made a sudden motion with his shoulders as though he threw off something.

"Here goes then," he said, and pushing back his chair he stared ahead of him past her at some picture of the former years.

"I was at home," he began. "It was summer and my term at college was just over. I was in love with my cousin Alice Metcalf. She had lived with us for years and I had been devoted to her always as a boy, as a child even. I grew worried over her. She was so unlike herself, so tired and thin and white. I made up my mind that she loved some other man and that on the long walks that she took alone she met him, and I was right. One August afternoon I met her coming home, her eyes black with fatigue, her mouth set in the hard line I had grown to know. I stopped her. I pressed her with questions, told her how I loved her, how I would help her in any way she liked—to marry another man if that would make her happy; and

she suddenly began to weep, and falling down in the long grass of the meadow where we stood, lay there and poured out her trouble while I sat beside her and stroked her hand." The scene was more vivid, more real, to him than the room in which he sat. He stopped, unaware that he had done so, and it needed Mrs. Evans' low "Go on" to bring him to speak his words aloud.

"She told me a long story, but the up-shot was that Roger Cornish, a neighbor of ours, was her lover; that he had refused to marry her, and that she had not the strength to break with him and save herself. I did not say a great deal. I carried her home through the twilight till we reached our place, then I made her go in, and I went straight to Cornish that night. He was not at home when I got to the house, but the servants said they expected him in at any moment. He was a rich man, a slightly older man, and lived alone. I remember the room so clearly! I waited for two hours and sat with clenched hands staring at the shadows on the wall. At last he came; he knew my errand as soon as he saw me, but he began with some polite regret at my long waiting. I cut that short and told him that I came from Alice, and so it began. At first we were quiet; he denied it—"a hysterical girl," he said—and so on, but when he found I was in desperate earnest he lost his temper and said he would never marry a woman who

— Ah, the word was too much for me, and I sprang at him and intended to thrash him. We struggled to get the upper hand of each other, but he slipped and we fell together, his head striking on the hearth-stone with frightful force. I was dazed, and waited for the renewal of our struggle; then finding that he did not move, I rolled off him and got to my feet. I knelt beside him and listened at his heart. It did not beat; he was dead."

"Merciful God!" cried Mrs. Evans.

Cartwright looked at her for the first time since he had begun his story. "He showed no mercy to me then," he went on slowly. "I went out and told the man to go to his master and that they would find me at the inn, and then walked through the darkness to my father's house. I told them I had not meant to kill him. When

the trial came, Alice spent her remorse and hatred on my head, making it appear that I had gone there inflamed with jealousy, and though the fact of her being talked about came out, no one pressed it, I least of all. I made no defense except our hot quarrel and that I had not meant to kill him, but the fact of my long waiting, my manner when I first came to his house, seemed to argue premeditation. My youth saved me the life-penalty and they thought me lucky with twenty years to eat my heart out in a prison-cell." He sat down before her again. "That is all," he said.

She looked at him, her eyes filled with pity. "I see it so plainly. She loved him, and though it was done for her, she hated you for doing it. How like one kind of woman! But not to relent and save you from some part of your punishment— Her reputation—there is the key to that. You foolish boy, did you not know that no woman wants her lover punished and her folly exposed?"

Cartwright passed his hand over his hair with a weary gesture. "I was quite mad, I think," he said. "I was too young to grapple with a thing like that. I was only twenty, and at twenty when the woman you love tells you such a story, you lose your reason—at least, a fool such as I was then loses command of all. I wanted to right her, to chastise him, to—to—I hardly knew what. I was a mere child in knowledge of the world. Now—now —" He stretched out his arms, then dropped them at his sides. "What do I know now? What a prison teaches. And the lessons are hard ones, believe me."

She pushed aside the table and, laying her hand on his shoulder, gave him a little shake.

"You mustn't think of it," she said quickly. "You mustn't talk of it. We will put it all behind you; we will make some plan. You must change your name, get work, make a new life. Think how it can be done. Think!"

"God knows. I stand a poor chance," he answered. "When I creep through the streets, where shall I go?" He met her eyes wide with trouble, and putting out one hand, touched her dress. "Forget that cowardly speech," he added quickly. "I will find some place. I shall get along.

And the comfort of your—your kindness will help me through many an evil hour. I shall get passage on some ship to—to South America or somewhere."

"Some ship!" repeated Mrs. Evans. "Why, every ship will be closely watched. You must have enough money; get good clothes and go as a first-cabin passenger. That is the only place where they will not look for you."

Cartwright gave a short laugh with little mirth in it.

"Money? Money, my dear lady"—he shrugged his shoulders—"I must do without. I shall manage somehow."

To his surprise, she gave a sudden joyous laugh.

"Wait," she said, and getting up she crossed to a desk. "Mr. Evans has his advantages," she went on over her shoulder; "see"—and coming back she stood before the young man and held out her hands. "See," she went on gravely.

"This is for you. There is one hundred dollars in notes, and here—here is plenty of change." She put it in his hands and shut his fingers on it. He stood motionless, looking down at it, then up at her. It was some time before he spoke.

"How can I take it?" he began brokenly. "You are—an——"

"An angel," she interrupted gaily. "I am not, but that is a detail. I am quite

as useful at this moment as though I were one. My dear boy," she went on, coming back to her graver manner, "you won't deprive me of what would add to the happiness of my life. It would be spent on some fallal or other. Of course you must take it. I wish there had happened to be a great deal more. Don't, don't even be grateful"—she smiled into

his eyes—"it is I that should be grateful to you. If you knew how I long sometimes for real, honest life that isn't play, people with blood in their veins, you would know how I care to be your friend, long to do something for you." She slipped the notes into his breast-pocket and the change into his waistcoat, saying "There!"

The young man caught both her hands quickly in his and, dropping on his knees, pressed his lips to her fingers with a low murmur

that she had to stoop even to hear.

She laughed lightly. "Don't say anything at all," she said. "I don't mind in the least."

He stood up and gazed down into her eyes.

"You are giving me a new life," he said, looking the gratitude that he found it difficult to speak—"and with it a new ideal. I know now what a woman can



Drawn by Malcolm Fraser.

"TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF," SHE WHISPERED.

be like—how generous, how noble, how near an angel, how above mankind."

She laughed rather sadly. "You know that, do you?" she answered. "Above mankind? Well, we won't argue it, only ——" She stopped, and in the silence they heard a distant clock striking six. The twilight had fallen fast and the room was filled with shadows. She glanced about her apprehensively.

"You must go in a moment," she said, "for Hawkins will come to light the lamps, and with him my husband; he comes in for five minutes every afternoon to see that I exist."

Even amid the young man's need for intense self-occupation, he felt a pang at something in her voice, but her next words brought his dangers strongly upon him.

"It is quite dark," she went on. "You will be safer to go than stay." She moved to the window and looked down and up the street. "There are few passers-by here at this hour." She leaned out into the dark, then, drawing back, came to where he stood and laid her hand on his arm. "It isn't far to drop," she faltered, "but suppose they should be waiting for you near by?"

He shook his head. "I must take my chance," he said, and walking to the window looked down, then turned to her. "Good-by," he said.

She stood very close to him and looked up through the darkness.

"Don't forget me," she said.

Cartwright uttered a little sound, half a laugh and half a sigh. "Forget you!"

"Yes, I say don't forget me," she repeated.

"Come to the light," he answered, gently taking her hand and drawing her to the window. "Let me look again at you. I shall live on the memory of it. Let me have another moment before I start to run my race again amid the gutters and the filth of it all." He stared hard into her face. "Forget you!"

She gazed into his eyes. Out of them looked something that had risen from the

depths of him, and her heart swelled with a mingled tenderness and pain.

"You foolish boy!" she said. "It is possible, it has been done—but you—you are different. You think of me as good and I want you to remember me. Some day write to me when you are safe—in whatever haven you reach."

His eyes glowed. "May I? May I?" he answered.

"I want you to so much, so much that I feel you will not forget," she went on. "And now be careful, be cautious. Life is worth having when you are young and free and—and like what you are. Good-by."

"Good-by." He still held her hand. "I can't thank you, but you will not mistake my stammering words. You are my miracle. I believe in God again. Good-by." He slipped into the window, let himself half out, and leaning with his elbows on the sill held himself there. "Good-by," he repeated.

Mrs. Evans suddenly stooped and touched his forehead with her lips. "Take care of yourself," she whispered. He gave her one look and dropped. She heard the sound, then saw him open the gate and walk slowly up the street. Leaning breathless out into the dark, she watched him till the night hid him, and standing motionless still listened. There came no sudden clamor on the air; she heard the footfall of some casual passer-by, and that was all. Raising her head, she strained her eyes to see him through the darkness, but he was gone beyond any power of hers to reach him—or help him. It brought a pang with it, that last thought—was there nothing she could do? Yes, there was one offering she could lay on the altar: he had thought her good—he should make her so for one day at least. She turned, and going to her desk, lit a little candle and by its light wrote a few slow lines, sealed and addressed them, and leaving them lying there went back to her post at the window. She gave one long look up the quiet street, then, dropping on her knees, covered her face. Even people who are not sure that they believe in God sometimes pray to him.



A SAGE advises, if we would be invincible, that we enter into no contest in which victory is impossible. It is not given to all to understand this. As long as one has enough fortune *to be*, one is not worthy of pity. *To have, to do*, are more difficult. Many persons prefer to go shabby and give dinner-parties. This is a matter of choice. To be mortified is also often choice. It is really unnecessary to put oneself in the way of humiliation. Privations can be concealed. Effort cannot. In the futile struggle to cope with the luxury of others comes the loss of personal delicacy, of distinction, of repose. This struggle, born of ambition, of vanity, or far more generally of the foolish dislike of solitude, is fatal to charm. It springs often from that empty-headedness which bores itself alone, must run about, cackle, be seen. Clever people measure their resources, see how far they can be strained, make no mistakes. To entertain is onerous enough. There are rivalries to soothe, feuds to placate, uncongenial elements to amalgamate—Mrs. This who won't bow to Mrs. That. Then there are the lovers, who must be invited together, but not forced down each other's throats. They may have quarreled before they arrive. At any rate, to afficher them is in poor taste.

These details are enough. If added to them are the smell of the frying-pan, of carelessly lit lamps; an ill-cooked repast; the absence of expected wines; incompetent service—how shall a hostess meet them?

How shall she retain her aplomb? How receive and amuse her guests? To do this well, she must be entirely at rest as to the material side of the feast. When this is impossible, it is wiser not to undertake it.

Of course, one can ask one's sister or cousin to breakfast, give a cup of tea to men who like to come, or even invite an intimate friend to "dine and sleep," but to do one's part in the larger sphere requires ample income. The error committed is unwillingness to recognize the situation.

It is as imprudent to accept invitations without facilities. An out-of-door fête was given lately near one of our great cities. Two or three women, who had no carriages, decided to go in the cars. The day was windy and dusty. The trams stopped under the hill. Trams always stop under hills. A sunny walk was necessitated. They arrived. Their hats were awry, their faces scarlet, their nostrils and ears black, their shoes white. It is always better to stop at home with a nice book than to be seen at a disadvantage. The lame do not attempt to run, the wingless to fly. There are other modes of locomotion provided for them—some very good ones. This is the great mistake—to try to do with what is adequate only to *being*.

Of course, even *to be* is expensive, but it depends on method and experience. The impatient give it up, take to lower standards, associate with their social inferiors, who flatter them—anything rather than renounce! We sigh—we know that man

in general, and woman in particular, is a gregarious animal—and we deplore. We view their leaps and falls compassionately, but we shudder at them. Money remains the sound limb, the wing. There is a big will out somewhere behind our puny ones which regulates these things. Élise drives, Mary walks. So be it. Let the latter see to it that she comes in before the shower, or at least carries an umbrella.

We are not now speaking of the masses, that valiant army of self-supporters, who constitute the strength and might of empire. We are only speaking of society in its smallest and narrowest limit—the society which dances and drives and makes merry, and is so greatly abused and envied. For it is envied, even by those who decry its follies, with a passionate anger. This is perhaps never so bitter as among the representatives of the old régime which the new plutocracy has supplanted—the rage of neglected Knickerbockers, whilom potentates and St. Germain magnates against the profligate expenditure of the vandal cohorts that have engulfed and trampled upon them. In the United States one can hardly broach these subjects without a nest of hornets about one's ears. Where class demarcations are so faint, their mere mention arouses hostility. The English accuse the Americans of being "touchy." Perhaps they are and perhaps it doesn't matter.

Beaconsfield says, "Avoid the shabby-genteel." We would say, avoid that it should be commented upon. Don't drag your shabbiness under the chandeliers. There are safe corners where half-lights prevail, where the seedy coat and the "liberty" velvet gown find obscurity. Makeshift is not noticed if not paraded.

It may be said here that there are entire families as well as detached individuals who belong to the group parasitic. They are often attractive. They possess a mixture of servility and audacity which diverts. These are the men and women who shine in reflected splendors. They drive other people's coaches, sail other people's yachts, get other people to pay for the parties they give, use their acquaintances as banks, as profitable investments. A lady who belonged to this class went to visit friends at their country home in New

Hampshire. A few days after her arrival, she gave birth to a baby. Her hosts took upon themselves all the expenses of the performance, stood sponsors for the child, and even settled something upon it! They said its mama had made herself so agreeable! To be an accomplished parasite one must have peculiar aptitudes, a great deal of suppleness, plenty of unscrupulousness, a tough hide. No born leader ever followed successfully. The rebellion of natural imperiousness, the revolt of pride, the anguish of wounded sensibility, have no place with these delightful wheedlers. As we have said, they are perhaps—nay, probably—attractive. They fill their niche. They are even necessary.

The millionaire must have his henchmen, else who would travel in his company, bear with his ill humors? The woman of the world must have pretty women at her house-parties. If they are crâne and amusing, that is enough.

Let those, however, who would emulate the pranks of these beneficiaries be sure that disposition or destiny has fitted them to be recipients. A character all force and self-respect, to which fortune denies its birth-right, must read the writing on the wall. In acquiescence lies loftiness. Greatness will out sooner or later. Like murder or smallpox, it cannot be hidden. Obstacles are stepping-stones the strong leap over. There are those to whom battle, breathlessness, hurry, are not becoming. Let them pause and "wait the whisper of the gods." Only the most crushing adversity can conquer, and continued ill luck is rare. The trite promise of the silver lining holds its truth.

Let such health, wealth and ability as are yours be given to the perfecting of *to be*, and attempt not to have or do the impossible.

Some Americans once went to be presented at court in Paris. They arrived at the Tuileries on foot, the man in galoshes, the lady in a waterproof. They were taken for tramps and refused admission. Fitness is important. Do not give dinner-parties at which the roast shall be underdone or the fish stale. Do not go to balls in cable-cars. Do not call on kings unless you can present yourself decently. There is always the lamp and the book. They beckon and allure. If not—ask yourself why?

## FORFEIT TO THE GODS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

### PART THIRD.

#### I.

March made Santa Clara very beautiful. Even at seven thousand feet above the sea all the fresh growing things, nourished by the abundant water, felt the life-giving glow of springtime and thrilled with it as they burgeoned or blossomed according to their kind. And Laurence was more than ever tender with Helen in those spring days of perfect loveliness: for she also was thrilling with a life freshly awakened, and the ever-new mystery of this world-old joy that was coming to them filled their hearts with a wondering gladness in which was awe.

"It really don't seem quite right for us to be so happy, Laurie," Helen said—as they were starting in the soft brightness of one of those March days for their Saturday afternoon walk. "It seems as if we certainly must be taking part of somebody else's share."

They still were in the courtyard, and Laurence kissed her as he answered: "Well, if we are, I'm low enough to want to keep it—especially as we don't know whose it is. What I'm having this afternoon don't belong, for instance, to Harstairs—who went down in my place for the money to-day, and who thanked me for giving him the chance to go. And as long as it's just some impersonal somebody I don't care." And then he added, speaking seriously: "I don't believe, though, that we are taking it from anybody. We're only making an average. I've had some tough times in my life, you know; and you've had your turn at sorrow-bearing too. What we are getting now is something on the other side of the account to square the balance. But it's as true as a chemical test, Nelly, that I never even dreamed I could be as happy as you are making me in these blessed days!"

They kept on in the same strain as they walked slowly through the town to the garden that they most delighted in; a short and easy walk—Laurence was absurdly over-careful of her, Helen declared—which yet would give gentle exercise and a plenty

of sunshine and fresh air. Any one overhearing their talk probably would have laughed at them—it undeniably being, when judged by worldly standards, for the most part foolishness. But judged by standards not worldly, it might have been considered most tenderly and deeply wise. And so, without farther troubling themselves as to their equitable right to it, they had an afternoon of happiness together in the old wild garden; and Helen was for rebelling a little when the lengthening shadows made Laurence look at his watch—with the result that he jumped up from the stone bench on which they were seated and declared that Harstairs must have been back a half hour or more, and that he must hurry to be on hand at the paying-off of the men.

Yet even in his hurry he had to stop for a minute or so on the plaza before the church—out of which came Fray Arcadio, who had caught sight of them, to tell in great excitement that the leaves on his beloved fig-tree were beginning to unfold! Never before, he said, save in that miraculous season forty years back when the tree actually bore fruit, had it so early put forth its leaves. Surely now, he went on, the tree would yield figs again—those wonderful delicious figs the like of which no other tree had borne. And he said gravely, as they turned to leave him, that the heavy hand of God which for so long a time had rested upon Santa Clara now at last was lifted, and that thenceforward the dwellers there would know only peace and joy. To them both, as they went onward, it seemed as though Fray Arcadio were an inspired prophet—who had divined their secret happiness, and who, knowing it, had prophesied that it would endure.

So strong was this feeling that Boldwin was ruffled, when they had crossed the Plaza and were come to their quarters, by finding Kelton standing outside the gateway and evidently waiting for him; and to Kelton's "You'll be right down, won't you?" he answered shortly, as he went

on into the courtyard: "Yes, yes. Of course." And then something odd in the tone in which the question was asked made him look back—to be startled by seeing Kelton make a very eager warning gesture with his hand.

But Laurence went on quietly up the stairs with Helen, and along the gallery to the Pullman; and settled her there on the lounge in a nest of cushions and shawls. She noticed, though, that he did not as usual delay over his ministrations to claim toll for them; and she was only half satisfied with his "I'm late, Nelly, and must scamper," as he kissed her and hurried away. A minute later he had joined Kelton in the courtyard.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Harstairs hasn't got back yet."

"Well, what of that? He's been late before—and so have you and I."

"This time I guess there's been trouble," said Kelton quietly. "José's mare came in ten minutes ago—without José, and with blood on the saddle. It looks as if there might have been shooting."

Baldwin nodded. "We must get off right away," he said.

"Yes," Kelton answered. "I reckon we'd better be moving. I've set the men to saddling up, and I was just starting to hunt you up when I saw you over there talking to the Padre. I let you alone, for fear the madam might ketch on and be scared. I've told Juan and Isidro—they're sandy, both of 'em—to get horses out of the corral and come along. Is that all right?"

"Yes. And you'd better tell Miguel to come on after us with a cart with a mattress in it and a keg of water. And tell him to fetch along that squint-eyed foreman of the second dirt-gang—the fellow who made such a good job tying up that fool who got cut by a bit of rock from the blast the other day. That's all, I think. I'll be right down again as soon as I get my gun."

Laurence went up the stairs two at a time and hurried along the gallery to the room—next to the Pullman and communicating with it—that he had fitted up as his office. It was there, the most secure place in the house, that he kept his arms. The few Mexicans who had access to the upper floor were to be trusted to resist ordinary temptations to thieving; but even a Mexi-

can angel, given the opportunity, probably would steal a gun.

There was a chance, he kept saying to himself, that things down the cañon might not be as bad as they looked; and, assuredly, there was good reason why Helen should know nothing until he himself knew all—and so could tell her whatever must be told in the least alarming way. And he was so cautious in his movements—unlocking the door so quietly, and stealing across the room so softly—that she had no consciousness of his presence: as he knew by hearing her crooning to herself a slow sweet mother-song that was very dear to her in those happily hopeful days. These soft strains, having so deep a meaning, set his heart to throbbing with a great tenderness—while he stood there silently buckling on his revolver—and his longing to go to her was very strong. Then the thought of the work that he had to do pulled him together sharply—and sent him hurrying softly from the room and down to the courtyard, where Kelton and the two Mexicans already were mounted and waiting for him. But the tender melody, still sounding low in his ears, went with him—when he too had mounted and the four rode out together through the town and down the cañon—and the hope which it brought, of new life precious, mingled strangely with the dread of death that was in his heart.

They made good time. The new road in part was surfaced, and nearly all of it was up to grade and sufficiently settled to permit them to ride rapidly—Baldwin and Kelton in front, the two Mexicans close behind, all keeping a sharp lookout, and all with their guns ready to shoot. They did not talk. Not even the Mexicans cared to put their thoughts into words.

Three miles down the cañon they struck the trail they were looking for. At the side of the road lay José with a bullet through him, dead. A dozen feet beyond him lay a dead American.

"José had nerve," said Kelton sententiously. "The other fellow thought he'd downed him—and José taught him that just downing a Mexican ain't enough. You've got to keep on pumping bullets into him till you've shot him plumb dead. He knows that, now—but he's caught on

to it too late to do him much good." And he continued, as he turned toward the person to whom this salutary lesson had been administered too thoroughly to be of any practical value: "I thought so. Mexicans don't go in for this sort of racket nowadays. It's one of that American outfit we bounced last Monday. They've been laying to get even with us, I judge—and it looks as if maybe they had. There were three of those devils. What we want now is the other two. Come on. Poor old José don't need us, and maybe Harstairs does—but it looks as if his chances were poor."

Baldwin did not like to think, as they rode onward, what these chances might be. What they actually were he knew ten minutes later, when they came to a turn in the cañon where the road was to cross from one side to the other on a trestle twenty feet high. To serve until the trestle should be finished, a temporary roadway had been made between the two embankments—with a sharp pitch down into it at each end from the grade. As they rounded the turn they saw the buckboard down in this hollow—jammed against one of the unfinished piers, with a front wheel off—and beside it a man lying sprawled across a heap of stones. They knew by his dress that the man was Harstairs, and he was lying in that ugly way in which only dead men lie.

When they rode down the decline and came beside him, a good part of the affair was clear. The blood on the buckboard showed that even after he had been hit—probably just as he was starting down the steep descent from the grade—he had held on, and had made a rush for it to get away. And then the third bullet—he was shot in three places—must have struck him as he was nearing the pier, and the buckboard had smashed against the masonry and he had taken a header on the heap of stones. But the final shot had gone through his head; there had been no pain for him in that cruel fall. The whole thing must have happened three or four hours earlier. He was cold, and had begun to stiffen in the ugly position in which he lay.

Kelton fell to swearing violently, and found relief in it. But Baldwin was silent, as he helped to carry the poor bruised and

wounded body up the embankment and to lay it tenderly by the roadside—that it might rest decently until the cart should come. With his sorrow for the boy's wretched death was also dread of what harm might come to Helen should she be told about it suddenly; and he was fighting against his longing to ride back to the town instantly, that he himself might tell her gently and in chosen words. It was a fight that did not last long. His duty lay before him, sharp and clear.

"They've got a big start," he said to Kelton, "but we'll leave Isidro here, and you and I and Juan will keep right on. If they're headed for the railroad we have a chance."

"They've too much sense for that," Kelton answered. "I guess they've packed the bags of dollars on our horse and mean to take to the mountains. But we'll keep on, all the same. If we can hold their trail there's a show for us; and, if we can't, we'd better get down to the station and do some telegraphing. We can start out the rurales, anyway, and that's worth doing. Sooner or later they've got to fetch up in a town; and if the rurales ever tumble to them there'll be some wholesome shooting right away. These Mexican fellows can give points to most of our deputy-marshals about doing their work in a hurry, and not fooling round till they happen to find a court-house and a rope. He was a white man, that boy Harstairs was; and to think that those——" And Kelton fell to swearing again, but so gagged over it that it did him no good,

Isidro was a sharp fellow, and Baldwin had to trust to his sharpness—directing him to stay by Harstairs until the wagon came; and then to ride home ahead of it with orders to Joséfa that the Señora must be kept from knowing what had happened until he himself returned. He was sure that Joséfa would understand the meaning of his orders, and would do her best to follow them; but there was a chapter of evil chances that had to be counted with, and his heart was very heavy as he rode onward to do the duty that traversed the strong longing of his love.

For all the good that came of this sacrifice, it might as well not have been made. The pursuit was a failure. As long as

they were on the newly made road the trail was clear enough—the footprints of a man and of a horse close together, and of another man walking behind and now and then stepping on the other tracks; but as soon as they left the cañon and came out on dry stony ground the footprints were invisible and they were all at sea. Daylight was so nearly gone that casting around for the trail was useless. They could only keep on to the railway, in the faint hope that the men they were after had gone that way; and this hope vanished when they reached the station, a little after dark. The way-freight had gone up the line an hour before, the station-master said; but it had pulled out in broad daylight, and he was sure that nobody had boarded it; and, excepting Harstairs and José, there had not been an outsider about the place all day.

The station-master was a good fellow in his way, and his desire—expressed with a profane fervor while he was telegraphing up and down the line to start out the rurales—that he might have a chance to “cut the hearts out of those devils” was sincere. But the opportunity to perform this operation in what might be termed retributive surgery was not granted to him—nor to anybody else. Carrying the dollars with them, the men got safe away.

## II.

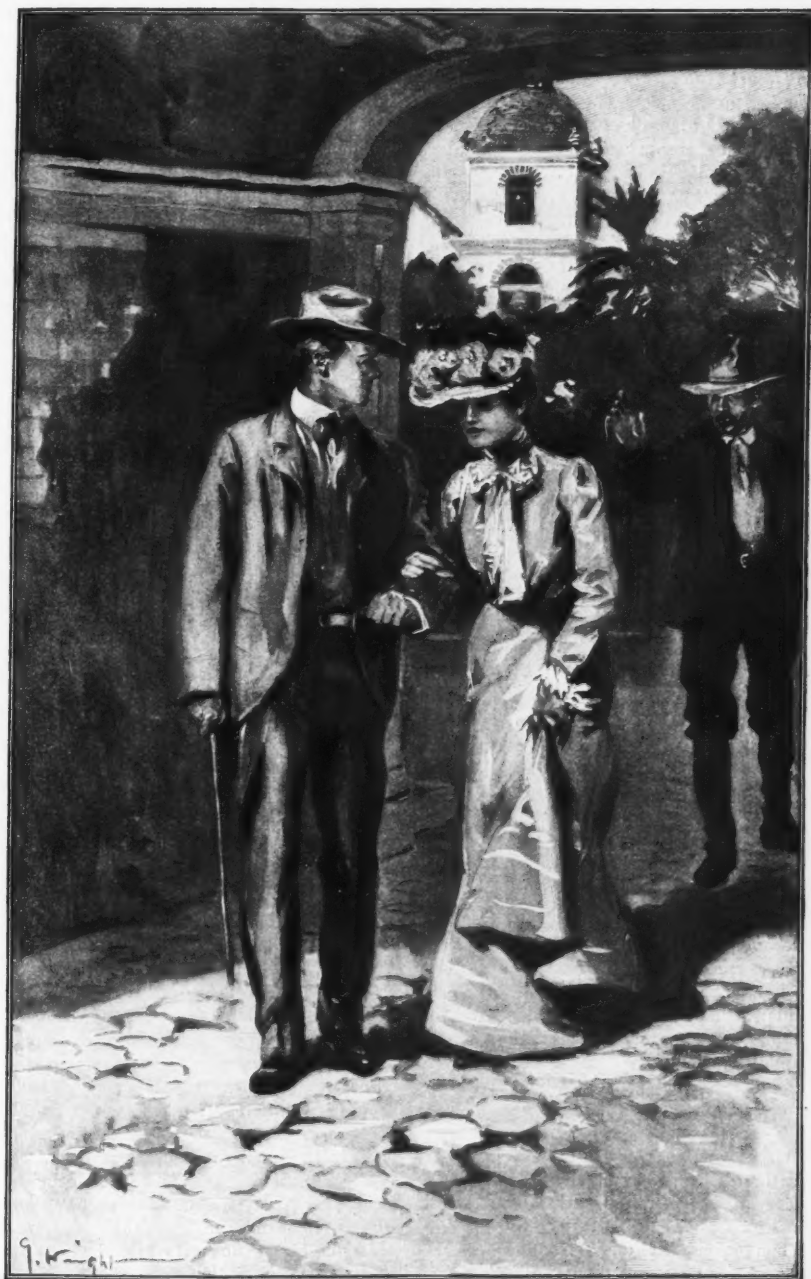
Isidro and Joséfa justified the trust that Boldwin had reposed in them. Having delivered his message, Isidro mounted guard in the courtyard; and saw to it, when poor Harstairs was brought home, that there was no betraying commotion and that no one passed beyond the ground floor. Joséfa, above stairs, also was on guard; and so managed matters as a little to break the force of the impending blow. As Laurence always was late on pay-nights, Helen did not at first notice his absence; and when it went so far beyond the ordinary that her anxiety was aroused, Joséfa calmed her by discreetly telling a part of the truth: that an accident of some sort had happened to the Señor Harstairs in the cañon, and that the Señor and others had gone down to bring him home. And so, while soothed by the assurance that no harm had befallen Laurence, Helen was made ready for the coming of sorrowful news.

Yet when the news came—though Laurence broke it to her with a tender caution, and kept back from her its cruel details—the shock was almost more than she could bear. Moreover, the phase of it that she seized upon was one for which Laurence—being but little used to the ways of women—was totally unprepared. He had expected that the death of the poor boy toward whom she had shown so quaint a motherly affection would wring her heart with a searching sorrow, and would stir her also with a passionate resentment of the bitter wrong that had been done; and at first, when from what Laurence told her she thought that Harstairs had been badly wounded, these were the lines along which her feelings ran. But when she knew that Harstairs had been killed, she thought no more of him—but went white, and fell to trembling in Laurence's arms, and to crying over and over again: “Oh, Laurie, it might have been you! Oh, Laurie, it might have been you!”

That single thought possessed her—nor could he banish it, as the night wore on, by all the loving words with which he tried to comfort her while he sat at her bedside with his hand laid gently upon her forehead or with her hand clasped in his own. Starting up, she would throw her arms around him and clutch him to her closely; and always with the whisper of dread: “Oh, Laurie, it might have been you!”

But for Joséfa, still more of sorrow might have come that night. In her three-score years of life she had gathered much countryside knowledge of herbs and simples, and to her old-wife doctoring Helen owed the saving blessing of forgetfulness and rest in sleep. Taking a lantern with her, Joséfa went out into the tangled garden and there with a little searching found the weed she sought for—and of its bruised leaves made soothing poultices which she bound upon Helen's throbbing pulses and so stayed the rising fever of her blood. In a little while her shiverings and her sharp convulsive motions ceased. More slowly, a like tranquillity possessed her mind. Then the soft languor of utter weariness stole over her. At last, she slept.

Laurence did not sleep. Through all the night he sat beside her, anxiously



*Drawn by George Wright.*

"SOMETHING ODD IN THE TONE IN WHICH THE QUESTION WAS ASKED MADE HIM LOOK BACK."

watchful. It was a desolate vigil. His forty-mile ride had left his body weary; too weary to uphold his strained and troubled mind. He could not fight off the gloomy thoughts aroused by Helen's words—in which there was so much of terrifying truth. In all his rough life it never had occurred to him to worry about the dangers which so constantly were a part of it. They came in the day's work, and he had taken them as they came. Getting killed was a frontier incident with which he was familiar. What little thought he had given to it had left with him the conviction that it didn't matter much. So far as work was concerned, somebody else always stepped to the front and filled the dead man's place. So far as the individual was concerned, dying had to come anyway; and it was so definite a finality that there was no use in bothering about whether it came early or late.

But his system of philosophy had been formulated before he gave hostages to fortune. Helen's anguish at the mere thought of his death suddenly had made him realize that under the new conditions his system was all wrong. His life no longer was his own, it was hers. And still deeper in his heart was the thought of that other life, a very part of his own, to guard and to shelter which he must live. All that might have happened that night passed before his mind in a ghastly vision, terribly distinct and real: Helen's increasing anxiety as the hours went on and he did not return; her alarm as the conviction grew within her that some harm had come to him; her passionate grief—that he could gage by the agony bred of her mere fancy—when at last came the certainty that he was lost to her for good and all. Possibly, in the midst of her convulsive anguish their child might be born; might even live—but she, assuredly, would die. And so the joy to which they had looked forward as the crown of their life's happiness would vanish—changed to a crown of sorrow upon the sorrow of his death desolate and her death of sheer despair. Throughout the weary night this round of dreadful thought possessed him, ending only to begin again. When at last the dawn came his face was as gray and drawn as though his watch had lasted through ten bitter years.

In a way, his broken state worked well for both of them. When in the early morning Helen awoke, calmed and strengthened, his look of utter exhaustion so startled her that she forgot her potential dreads in her immediate fears. With an exercise of energy that helped still farther to steady her, she compelled him to lie down; and presently, being assured of her well-being by her calm firmness, he sighed softly—and upon him descended the blessing of dreamless sleep. Of all God's mercies, surely this wonder-working mercy of sleep is the greatest and the best.

Helen had the wisdom to betake herself to the garden, knowing that the freshness and the brightness of the morning and the gay life of all the growing things would help her to hold in subjection her gloomy thoughts. There Joséfa brought her morning bread and chocolate; and helped the food to refresh and strengthen her by holding their talk away from the tragedy and by manifesting a sympathetic gladness that Laurence was taking rest—for Joséfa, having suffered many sorrows, knew well what was wholesome for the staying of a human heart.

When Helen awakened Laurence, at the end of four hours of solid sleep, he was alert and vigorous again; and her gentle cheerfulness still farther helped him—and made him very proud of her, as he realized that in this the first trial that had come to them she was showing the good fiber of which she was made. And so, comforted, he went at the sad work that was before him that day.

It was Helen who suggested, in spite of her Protestant upbringing, that Fray Arcadio should be asked to commit the body of their brother to the earth; and she was glad to find that this same thought already was in Laurence's heart. Doubtless the old man might have refused the request that was made to him had his life been of a different sort. But the whole of it had been passed in Santa Clara, always in the society of the few Brothers left in the forgotten convent—to which no one came ever from the outside world. The Church of which he was a member was a far-off abstraction; its organization, its officers, its discipline, all equally were unknown to him—and all equally were so

indefinite as to be almost unreal. What was very real to him—though he knew it not—was the abounding charity of his gentle nature, and this prompted him to yield. Yet while he thought that Laurence asked for room in the convent graveyard, he hesitated; nor could he have brought himself to grant so much. That quiet place, on the sunny side of the church, off from the garden, was doubly holy to him: being first consecrated by the rites of his Church, and again by its soft enfolding of many Brothers dear to him in life whom shortly he would join again in death—and there rest friendly with them at that modest side-entrance to Eternity. Once he had led Laurence through the little graveyard—it was when the visit to the fig-tree had been made—and as they passed on toward the garden had laid his hand lovingly on one stone and another as he said "Here is Brother Buenaventura," "Here is Brother Feliciano," "Here is Brother Antonio"—and his gesture and tone had been as though, with a gentle touch on the shoulder, he were presenting these his old friends. That one not of it should be brought into this quiet household was a possibility that even his broad charity could not entertain. But when he found that there was no question of intrusion into that sacred private place—that the grave at which he was asked to minister was to be dug on the mountain-side, where the waters from the spring made always a green fresh beauty—he willingly agreed to do that which was desired of him; yet explaining that for a stranger—he used this gentler word—only a part of the rite of the church could be used.

And so, just before sunset, while the warm rays slanted down the green slope of the Cerro, the little procession went out from the town and up the mountain-side; and presently came back again, while the splendor of a red glory shone above the Sierra, leaving Harstairs at rest beside the spring—that he had counted so surely upon helping to conquer, but that flowed on calmly and strongly past his grave.

### III.

Within a week—justifying Laurence's abstract theories as to the unimportance of any individual life in frontier engineering—another man had been brought in, and

the road-building was going on as though there had been no break in its supervision. But to those remaining at Santa Clara there had come a change.

The tragedy that had broken upon them had left a legacy not only of sorrow but of fear. In Helen's heart was always a shadow of dread during the hours that Laurence was absent from her at his work; and this was more than a shadow on the days when he brought up from the railroad the bags of dollars with which to pay off the hands. And even Laurence, who never before—save in exigent cases to provide against it—had taken thought of personal danger, went on these expeditions nervously because of his haunting dread of the harm that might come to her through harm to him. After what had happened, of course, the duty was one that he could not delegate. He was the head of the outfit, and what dangers had to be faced and what responsibilities were to be borne were for him to face and to bear. Actually, as he perfectly well knew, the danger was trifling. Under the new arrangement the pay-convoy consisted of six men—a force so large as to make an attack improbable, and a successful attack a practical impossibility. But his new-found nervousness made his thoughts turn constantly to what the firing of even a single shot might mean for Helen—and he raged mightily because he could not banish this vicarious fear.

He knew that hard work would be his best tonic, and he chafed because the very thoroughness with which he had perfected the organization of his forces left him with comparatively little to do. It was with a real pleasure, therefore, that he remembered—and at the same time blamed himself for having forgotten it—that one of his duties had been lost sight of and remained undischarged. This was the measurement and assay of the famous heap of tailings, the reduction of which—according to Major Brashar's sanguine prospectus—was to pay for the exploitation of the mine.

Soon after coming to Santa Clara he had carried his investigations of this particular asset of the New York and Cerro Verde Mining Company (Limited) far enough to satisfy himself that if the exploitation of the mine did depend upon it, in sober reality, he might as well resign his position and go home. No matter what the rich-

ness of the tailings might be, short of pure silver, their inaccessibility was a practical bar to getting any money out of them. They lay at the bottom of a narrow and very deep ravine, a mere cleft in the mountain, that opened—near to where the old reduction-works had stood—at a little distance below the shaft. It had been a handy place into which to tip the waste from the patio; but to get that waste up again was not handy at all. It could be done, of course, with a steam-hoist; or it could be done by building a couple of miles of road down the ravine to its junction with the cañon. But neither of these costly methods had seemed to him to be worth attempting—not even to be worth thinking about, indeed, until his pressing practical work should be well under way. And then, in the strain of that work, the possible redemption of those highly potential millions—for he had no faith whatever in the Major's enthusiastic estimate—had slipped entirely out of his mind.

But the thought of the Major's fabulous treasure-heap was warmly welcome when it came to him one evening while he was fidgeting because all his hard work was either behind or ahead of him; and the very next morning, a brilliant morning in mid-May, he set off for the ravine: elated by the prospect of the tough scramble that certainly was before him, and by his handsome intention—as he formulated it in his own mind—to give the Major's millions a show.

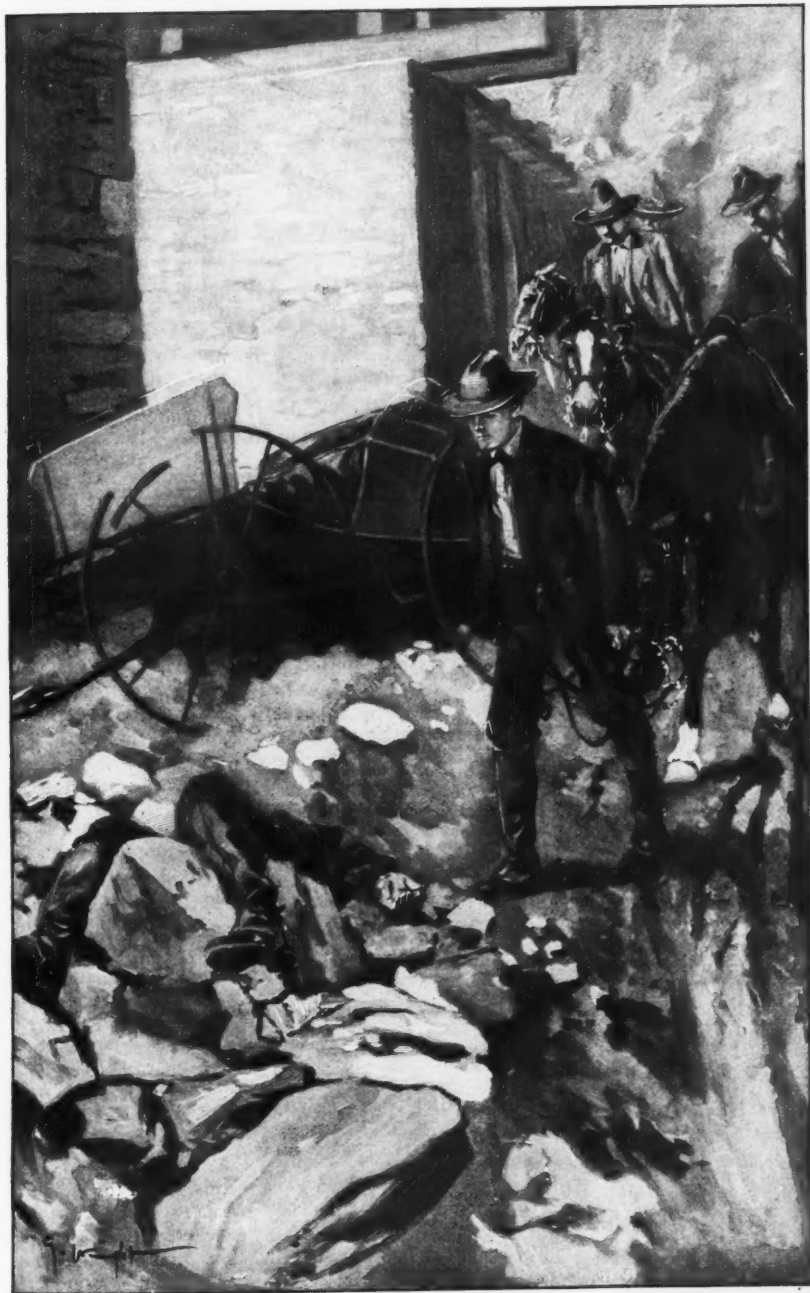
So far as the scramble was concerned he got even more than he had counted on. The ravine was narrow throughout its entire length; and from the moment that he entered it, from the cañon, he had to work his way over and through a tangle of fallen rocks which even a goat would have found trying. Luckily, the ravine was dry; a fact which struck him at first as odd, and then as entirely reasonable—as he reflected that if the discharge from the spring had come out on this level there never would have been a Cerro Verde, nor would there have been water in the mine. He perceived that, by one of those freaks common enough in volcanic formations, there was a wall of solid rock between this possible outlet for its waters and the great reservoir in the heart of the mountain that fed the spring.

But in the same instant that this thought

came to him there came another thought that made him turn pale and stop suddenly—and then fairly curse himself for having been a blind fool! His obvious deduction as to the spring, as obviously was correct in regard to the water-logged mine. Therefore here, under his hand, was the very key to victory! He had only to drive a tunnel from this ravine to the bottom of the shaft and his work would be done. Within a week from the day that his tunnel was opened the mine would be dry—and the power of the spring for evil would be gone!

As he worked his way onward over the fallen rocks, in his excitement delighting in the hard climbing that they gave him, the whole scheme of operations on the new basis arranged itself in his mind. Once set free, the outrush of the huge body of water in the mine would do much to help him in clearing the bed of the ravine; and when this rush was ended the normal flow would be so trifling—since the outlet from the natural reservoir within the mountain still would be the spring itself—that he could run a line of tramway right up the ravine and in through the tunnel to the bottom of the shaft. Instead of a six-hundred-foot hoist up the shaft, he would have full ore-cars coming down his tramway by gravity; and with a sufficient momentum to pull the empty cars up again. Moreover, he would save a good thousand feet of uphaul, and nearly three miles of transportation for his fuel, by setting the stamp-mill just beyond the mouth of the ravine—where the cañon widened and there was a plateau of a couple of acres all ready to his hand. Indeed, he was not sure but that he might be able to set the stamps still farther down the cañon; and so find room for a reservoir that would enable him to run them by water-power, at practically no cost at all. His head fairly buzzed with it all; and thrills of exultation ran through him as he realized that his fight with the spring virtually was ended and that instead of being his master it would be his ally, his slave!

When he got at last to the tailings he scarcely looked at them. All his thought was given to examining the wall of rock rising sheer before him into which his tunnel would be driven; and even for this he did not wait long—being wildly eager to get back to the higher level, that he might run



*Drawn by George Wright.*

"HARSTAIRS . . . WAS LYING IN THAT UGLY WAY IN WHICH ONLY DEAD MEN LIE."

the line and make the measurements which would show him how many cubic feet of rock stood between him and victory!

The scramble down the ravine was as hard as the scramble up it had been, but he was so fired by his enthusiasm that he felt as though he were treading on air. He burst in upon Helen like a whirlwind, and danced a breakdown all over the Pullman before he partly satisfied her that he had not gone crazy by telling her that the most joyful thing had happened that ever had happened anywhere since the world began! He would have satisfied her more completely had he told her what this joyful thing was. But he had decided that the first persons to be taken into his confidence must be the officers of the Company, and not a word more of explanation would he give. Therefore Helen had to rest content with his bare assertion that she possessed an individual half-interest in his happiness and would be justified in being, and ought to be, wildly joyful too. He bolted his luncheon ravenously, trying to talk with his mouth full and breaking out into all sorts of absurdities—it was their first really cheerful meal since their sorrow had come upon them—and then rushed off to make, as he told her mysteriously, certain measurements which would enable him to express his happiness with precision in arithmetical terms.

His decision to tell Helen nothing until the Company had received and had acted upon his report had been taken considerably. The matter was of a pregnant importance, both practically and in its effect upon the Cerro Verde stock, and he wished to be in a position to state in his report to the home office that absolutely no one knew about it but himself. He had no doubt as to how the home office would act eventually; but he was a little uncertain as to how it would act immediately. Recent letters from Major Brashar had informed him that the stock was sagging, and that there had been some friction in the Board. The Major even had suggested the possibility of his taking a run down to the mine himself—not, as he stated explicitly, that he wished to change the policy of development, but that he might restore confidence and harmony by returning with a reassuring report. Personally, he had expressed from the outset entire

satisfaction with Baldwin's management—writing, indeed, with such a frank friendliness that Helen had taken quite a liking to him—and in his latest letter he had explained carefully that if he did come down it would be to strengthen the Superintendent's position, not to weaken it, that his visit would be made. All of which, naturally, only tended to make Laurence the more jubilant over his solution of the problem that had been set him; and at the same time the more cautiously determined to transmit first of all to headquarters his announcement of it—that infallibly would burst like a bombshell in the board-room, and that outside the board-room would send the stock up with a bound.

Quite the best thing that could happen, he thought—so good a thing as to be a veritable special providence—would be for Major Brashar, realizing his partly formed intention, to arrive at that auspicious juncture in person at the mine. Then he would have the delight of talking freely to an entirely sympathetic listener; and the still greater delight of demonstrating to the President of the Company what he had accomplished—of actually showing on the ground how little there was to do and how easily it could be done. Even in his excitement he could not help smiling at the notion of any act of Major Brashar's taking the form of a special providence. But he did feel that way about it—and all the more so when he received the sudden assurance that what he hoped for would occur.

It was early the next morning that this assurance came. He had just finished his calculations—and had increased Helen's mystification by the announcement that he had only to scratch away a thousand cubic yards of rock in order to become a millionaire and a celebrity—when a telegram was brought up by special messenger announcing the Major's presence at Zacatecas and requesting that the buckboard meet him at the railway-station that afternoon.

#### IV.

Baldwin himself drove down to meet the Major; but less because the etiquette of the situation, as between Superintendent and President, required this personal attention than because of his eagerness to tell about his discovery and his plans. Indeed, he was in such high spirits that he found

himself singing as he drove across the finished bridge which spanned the cañon where Harstairs had fallen; and checked his song suddenly—as he remembered the poor boy lying dead there, killed in the fight which he himself had lived to win. For a mile or two as he went onward his mind was filled with this sad memory; and then, as was only natural, his own immediate happiness chased his vicarious sorrow away.

Oddly enough, it was on that same bridge that his spirits were in their fullest blaze again on the return journey. Just before they reached it he had finished expounding his plans to the Major; and it was while they were crossing it that the Major—who was of a genial and demonstrative temperament—gave him a rousing slap on the shoulder and exclaimed earnestly: "Peaches are not in it with you, Baldwin—and your everlasting fortune is made!"

That time there was no sorrowful reaction. He did not think about Harstairs at all, nor about anything but his triumph and its reward. And so they drove on up the road, the excellence of which the Major highly commended, and into Santa Clara just as the sun went flaming down beyond the Cerro—so radiantly that the patch of green upon the mountain-side, where the spring poured forth its waters and where Harstairs was buried, stood out black against the golden glow.

Although the Major's immediate demand upon arrival for whisky-and-water, and his subsequent strong alcoholic exhalations, were not to Helen's liking, he was so heartily cordial in his commendations of Laurence's management that she found herself presently on quite friendly terms with him. She was disposed to smile, to be sure, though in a kindly way, at the somewhat crude forms of exaggerated politeness that he used in addressing her; yet also found an unexpected note of gentleness in what seemed to be—and what really was, for the Major had a tender streak in his rough fiber and was touched by this little idyl of young married life that he had come upon—his solicitude for her comfort. His tendency toward a paternal manner, that grew more marked as dinner went on and he had more whisky-and-water, was less to her liking. But the Major, in point of fact, was quite old enough, she reflected, to be her father, and no doubt had

daughters of his own of whom he was very fond—and it was with an amused good will toward him, whose good will toward her husband was so evident, that she answered when he addressed her as "my child."

When the coffee was brought in by Joséfa, and the cigars were put on the table, Helen said that she would leave them and give them a chance to have their business talk—and so went off to the Pullman, smiling back at the Major as he rose and made her a stately bow.

Half an hour later she surprised Laurence by appearing at the door of the dining-room, with very little apology for her interruption, and in a nervous way asking him to come to her; and he was still more surprised, when he joined her and she led him away along the gallery, to find that she was shivering as though with cold. Being come inside the Pullman, and the door closed behind them, she put her arms around him silently and held him close, still shivering; and it was some little time before he could get from her an answer to his tender questioning as to what was wrong—and even when her answer came it was not by any means lucid or satisfying.

"I don't know *what* is wrong, Laurie," she said. "But I do know that *something* is very wrong indeed! It has been coming over me ever since I came in here. It feels—it feels just as it did that first night—when the new fire on our hearth went out and the room grew so strangely cold. Don't you feel how cold it is, Laurie?" And she shivered still more violently in his arms.

He was very gentle with her: taking her on his knee and soothing her at first with little caresses, and then with tender words, and then—as she grew calmer—leading her thoughts away from her fancied fears by pleasant idle talk. And in all this she felt the great love that he had for her, and knew that it was the stronger for the very reason which made her nervousness beyond her own control. Yet it was a long while before he could soothe her into quiet; and, even quieted, she did not willingly let him go.

"I really must go back to the Major," he said at last. "Kiss me good-by before I start on this tremendous journey—into the next room!"

But she answered passionately: "It is *not* good-by, Laurie! It is *not* good-by!" and clung fast to him with an almost savage

energy while she kissed him—and then relaxed her clasp slowly, and suffered him to go. It all was so tenderly foolish that his eyes were misty, as he hurried back along the gallery, although he was smiling too.

He had left the Major voluble, but he found him taciturn: a fall in spirits which was to be accounted for, perhaps, by the corresponding fall of the spirits of the decanter—although, logically, that ought to have worked the other way. It was disappointing to have his guest go melancholy on his hands in this fashion, when he had been so counting on his sympathetic enthusiasm; but his own cheerfulness just then was enough for two, and he set himself to sharing it with his companion by presenting an estimate of the cost of development and of operation on the new basis, and of output for the first five years—this last based on the loosely known figures of the mine's former yield—that was fit to have gone into one of the Major's own prospectuses. But the effect of this glowing anticipation of the fortune lying there in the earth and so easily to be taken out of it fell short of what he had hoped for. The Major did take an interest in it; but an interest so fitful as to show that his attention was divided between what Baldwin was talking about and some other matter to which he was giving serious thought. When Baldwin ended with the modestly triumphant query: "It's a pretty big thing for the Company, isn't it, Major?" he answered slowly, and in an odd tone: "For the Company? The Company's a long way off, Baldwin!" And then with a touch of real enthusiasm added: "But you're right in saying it's a big thing. Dollars to doughnuts on that every time. It's the damndest biggest thing I've struck since I began!"

But instead of taking, as reasonably might have been hoped for, a fresh and cheerful departure from his sudden flash of sanguine good spirits, the Major merely filled his glass in an absent sort of way and then fell off into a brown study—which yet did not render him so oblivious to external things but that his glass in a little while was empty again. Perceiving this fact, upon raising it to his lips, he set it down with a slow resentment and for some moments regarded it reproachfully. Then, rousing himself, and speaking a little

thickly but entirely coherently, he said: "Suppose we take a turn out of doors, Baldwin? I'd like to have a little private talk with you, and there's no place for talking privately like out of doors."

Baldwin accepted this proposition with alacrity. Aside from considerations of conversational privacy, and from the fact that a turn out of doors could not but have a salutary effect upon a gentleman who had taken rather more than a reasonable allowance of whisky-and-water, the suggestion altogether jumped with his own desires. For half an hour or more—since the moon had risen and had flooded the garden below them with its light—he had been longing to carry the Major off to the shaft. What he wanted to show—the distance from the shaft to the ravine, and the consequent insignificant length of the tunnel—could be seen as well by moonlight as by sunlight; and while the Major was not quite in a fit condition, perhaps, to sit on a bench of bishops, his rational talk showed that his mind was quite clear enough to perceive how easily their victory over the water was to be won. He paid no attention to the announced private conversation. He was thinking only of what he wanted to do and to say himself—and was delighted that the proposal which gave him the opportunity for doing and saying it should have come from the other side.

He lit a fresh cigar, as did the Major—who also fortified himself against the night air by a final, and pretty stiff, glass of whisky-and-water—and then together they set off. Laurence thought for a moment of stopping to tell Helen that he was going out. But she was sleeping by that time, he hoped, and to rouse her for such a trifle was absurd. And so he contented himself, as he walked behind the Major along the gallery, by blowing a kiss from the tips of his fingers toward her bedroom door.

#### V.

Through the pure air of the Mexican night the full moon was shining so strongly that they might have fancied daylight come again—had not the radiance been so silvery and the shadows so densely dark. Each stone on the road seemed to show distinctly; yet really was indistinct and illusive, because what seemed to be a part of it was the shadow that it cast. Even houses at a



Drawn by George Wright. " ' THEN, DAMN YOU—GET OUT OF MY WAY ! ' "

little distance were enlarged in the same deceptive fashion by a blending with their own shadows; and black patches of shadow in among the foliage gave a greater brightness, and strange gleaming shapes, to the flecks of moonlight on the bushes which grew about the spring.

At the start, the Major was a trifle uncertain in his footing; but in a few minutes his steps became firm and regular as his body was refreshed by the crisp coolness of the night. Presumably, his mind also grew clearer—although, to do him justice, it had been clear enough for practical purposes all along—but of this he gave no sign; unless it were the negative sign of maintaining so persistent a silence as to suggest that some serious matter engrossed his thoughts. Once or twice Baldwin spoke to him; but received such short and random answers that he gave up the attempt at conversation and fell back for companionship upon himself.

As they walked up the road together, they passed the rusty fragment of iron pipe, still lying where the workmen had dropped it more than sixty years before; and Laurence, remembering the melancholy thoughts which it had aroused in him that first night of his coming to Santa Clara, smiled to himself with a confident happiness as he realized how he had succeeded where the other man had failed. Only as they passed the spring, gurgling softly in the night's stillness, did a touch of sadness come upon him: for there, showing clear in the moonlight, was the stone which he had caused to be set over the grave of his fellow-soldier who had fallen before the fight was won. At this suggestion of it, he remembered the Indian superstition of which Benito had told him—that he who conquered the spring must pay with his life for the victory; and as he walked on, possessed for the moment by his old feeling that the spring really had a malignant personality and was his mortal enemy, he fell to wondering why it was that the life of Harstairs had fallen forfeit and not his own.

Five minutes later all these idle melancholy fancies were exorcised by the enthusiasm which filled him as he demonstrated his conquest on the ground: leading the Major first to the edge of the ravine, and thence—bidding him count his paces—the little traverse across to the shaft.

"We've wasted some money here," he said, as they stood beside the new pump-house, "and we've got a pump on our hands that we haven't much use for. But the Company can stand the strain, I guess, Major!" And he laughed a little in sheer lightness of heart.

"Yes," the Major answered, but absently. "Yes, I guess the Company can stand the strain." Then he was silent for a while, and his thoughts so absorbed him that he forgot to puff at his cigar.

They were standing between the shaft and the pump-house. At their feet, resting on a low bed of masonry, was the first section of pipe—extending outward from the pump and turning over into the shaft with a curved joint. To set it in place, the railing on that side of the shaft had been taken away. The black opening and the black shadow of the building scarcely were distinguishable. The Major's obvious abstraction made Baldwin nervous. A false step, even a change of position, might cause him to stumble over the pipe and so send him headlong downward—and he remembered the stone that he had flung in there, and the sound of it as it went rumbling downward, and the faint whispering hiss when it struck the water at last. Almost involuntarily he placed himself between the Major and the mouth of the shaft, and at the same time warned him to be careful how he moved.

"Yes, I see," the Major answered, rousing a little. "It would be easy to trip over that pipe and take a header, and that's a fact." And then, after stopping a moment to draw sharply at his cigar, he went on slowly, and speaking with a curious emphasis: "I don't see that the *Company's* got anything to do with this thing, Baldwin. It belongs to you and me."

Baldwin was puzzled. "I don't quite follow you, Major," he answered. "We've got a good stake here, for sure, but the big stake is the Company's—and I guess the stockholders will feel that way about it, too, when the dividends come to be paid."

"Stockholders be damned," said the Major shortly. "Don't you see that we've got the game right here in our own hands? Nobody knows what you and I know—not even your wife. You've kept your head shut, and it's a good thing you have. If all they say at Zacatecas about this spring

is true, and I've always thought it was, we might sock in ten pumps—and still have the mine water-logged for about eleven months in every twelve. Ain't that so?"

"I hope it's not so," Baldwin answered; but by no means confidently, for the Major was only putting bluntly into words the convictions that he had been fighting against for more than half a year. "But whether it's so or not," he went on, in a tone entirely confident, "what difference does it make? This pump is just old iron so far as we are concerned. The minute the tunnel's opened, the work will be done. That tunnel will down the spring for good and all."

"Exactly," the Major replied, "and that's where our fine work comes in. Now just listen. There's trouble in the Board already—there always is trouble in a board, according to my experience, unless dividends begin to be paid smack off. Well, we'll give 'em something really to worry about. You keep on keeping your head shut, and go ahead setting up the pump; and I'll go back to New York and tell 'em all I've heard in Zacatecas about what's certain to happen when the rains come and the spring settles down to business. That'll sicken 'em bad. And about the time they're all growling lively, the rains 'll get here, and you'll begin to send up reports showing that everything the Zacatecas folks have said is true. Or if it ain't, and you find that the pump really is coming out ahead—not that there's the ghost of a chance of it—you can smash something, and just let the old mine soak full. Do you ketch on?"

"No, I don't," Baldwin answered; and contented himself with this brief negative because of his conviction that Major Brashar was soaked full and that his extraordinary utterances were no more than overmuch whisky-and-water re-distilled into words.

The Major chuckled. "You're a first-class mining engineer, Baldwin," he went on, "but you ain't yet what can be called a mining expert. Now I am. I never expected to get enough silver out of this mine to make a three-cent piece. What I did expect was to boom her up by sending a first-class man down here, just as if we meant business, and then get out on the rise. But that's not my game now. This tunnel's such a dead-sure thing that I'm going to break my record and really work

a mine for what's inside of it instead of for what's in its stock. And you can just bet your sweet life that I'm not going to give away as good a thing as this to a lot of lambs—the fellows who have most of the stock now. I tell you, it's yours and mine. When I've thrown cold water on the New York fellows, and you've squirted the whole spring over 'em, the shares 'll go to nowhere in a week. Then I'll come the high magnanimous. I'll say I still believe in the property, but as I seem to have made a mistake as to its immediate availability I'll stand the racket myself by buying in the shares. And so I will, for our joint account. That'll look well, and also"—the Major chuckled again—"it won't cost much!"

Baldwin did not chuckle. By this time he had "caught on" to the Major's project. He felt the blood getting up into his head and he was beginning to "see red"—which was the way with him when possessed by a mighty rage.

"And then," continued the Major, "we'll hang things up for a while. Not for long, but long enough for the thing not to be a dead give-away. And then we'll surprise ourselves so we won't be able to sleep nights by finding out about the tunnel—and just go ahead and rush things through. With the showing we can make we can borrow all the money we need for development twice over; and the solid difference 'll be that when we've paid that money back it'll be just you and me who'll *own* the mine! Just you and me, Baldwin—just we two! By God, we'll be rich as kings!"

Baldwin had his hands thrust down into his coat pockets. He gripped his fists to steady himself, and with a strong feeling of regret that he could not square things with the Major by applying his grip to that eminent mining expert's windpipe. He was seeing very red indeed, and he had hard work to hold his voice steady.

"If you've quite finished, Major," he said, "we'll go back to the house now. I want to get my report in shape. I shall start a man down to the railroad with it at four o'clock to-morrow morning. If the wires are all right, it ought to be in New York by nine o'clock—we have a pull of more than an hour on New York time, you know—and the Secretary 'll be able to call a special meeting of the Board at noon."

"What the devil are you talking about?" the Major whipped out. "Are you crazy, or are you just a plain damn fool?"

"Never mind what I am. But I'll tell you what I'm not: I'm not an infernal blackguard—and you are. You hound, I'd do right if I fired you down the shaft!"

"You mean," and there was a growl in Major Brashar's tone, "that you won't come into my plan?"

"I'll see you damned first!"

The Major's eyes looked ugly as Baldwin stared right into them. They had a curious glitter, like the eyes of a wild beast. He swayed a little and his arms slightly moved.

"And you mean," he asked, "to give this thing away to the folks in New York? You mean, a fool like you, to stand between me and about the biggest fortune that ever a man on God's footstool made?"

"I mean that," Baldwin answered, "and I mean a good deal more. Every stockholder in the Company shall know what you've said here to me and what you've wanted me to do. All New York shall know it—and know you for the filth that you are. You can't be tried in the courts. I've no witnesses against you, and your lie under oath is as good in a court as my truth. But your lie is not as good as my truth outside of the courts, and that's where I'll go for you. I tell you now, squarely, that before you hear the last of this rotten night's work you'll wish you'd never been born—or that you'd hired somebody to hang you ahead of time!"

Baldwin's voice went shaky as he poured out in words the rage that came near to choking him. The red lights dancing before his eyes were almost blinding. He was not even steady on his feet, and unconsciously took a step backward that brought him to the very edge of the shaft. The Major loomed before him vaguely; only, there in the shadow, the wild-beast glitter of his eyeballs was clear.

And that glitter suddenly became brighter, as the Major answered: "Then, damn you—get out of my way!"

## VI.

It was two years later that the following personal item was published on the editorial page of the Tucson "Daily Drill":

(THE END.)

"The many friends of Major William Brashar, so well known in this city and throughout the Territory, will be glad to hear that he has struck it rich in Old Mexico. It will be remembered that some three years since the Major floated a company to develop the water-logged Santa Clara mine in the Zacatecas district, and that the company smashed up under painful circumstances; the discovery of the apparently hopeless condition of the mine being coincident with the tragical death of the Superintendent, also a gentleman well and favorably known in this city and vicinity, Mr. Laurence Baldwin, who met his fate by stumbling into the six-hundred-foot shaft. The Major, fortunately, was at the mine when this sad accident occurred, and did his best to have the body recovered but unsuccessfully. To add to the misery of the situation, Mrs. Baldwin, a young and highly cultivated lady, the wife of the Superintendent, died the next morning in giving birth to a child.

"It looked at that time as if all the bottom was burst out from the Santa Clara enterprise and the stock struck hard-pan. But Major Bill never lost his grip. He published a card saying that things looked black but he believed he could pull the enterprise through, and he advised everybody to hang on. Nobody did hang on but himself, and he backed his say-so by buying in all the shares at about what the certificates were worth by the pound. But his sand was of the right sort. Since then he has astonished himself and everybody else by draining the mine by tunneling, and we now hear that he is cleaning up a thousand ounces a day.

"We must add a pretty touch to this story that will please the ladies. The Major has formally adopted Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin's orphaned infant, a boy, and has made him his legal heir—which is just Bill Brashar's whole-souled and whole-hearted style.

"We have known Major Brashar for more than seven years, and except in a few trifling matters have always found him a high-toned gentleman from his hat to his boots. It is with heartfelt pleasure that we chronicle his good fortune and record his noble generosity, and we wish him and his bonanza baby a long run of their luck."

SOME EXAMPLES OF RECENT ART.

BY SEIFERT, WERTHEIMER, HENNIKER, ALMA-TADEMA, GRÄF, KOCH, DE SCHRUYVER AND VOGLER.



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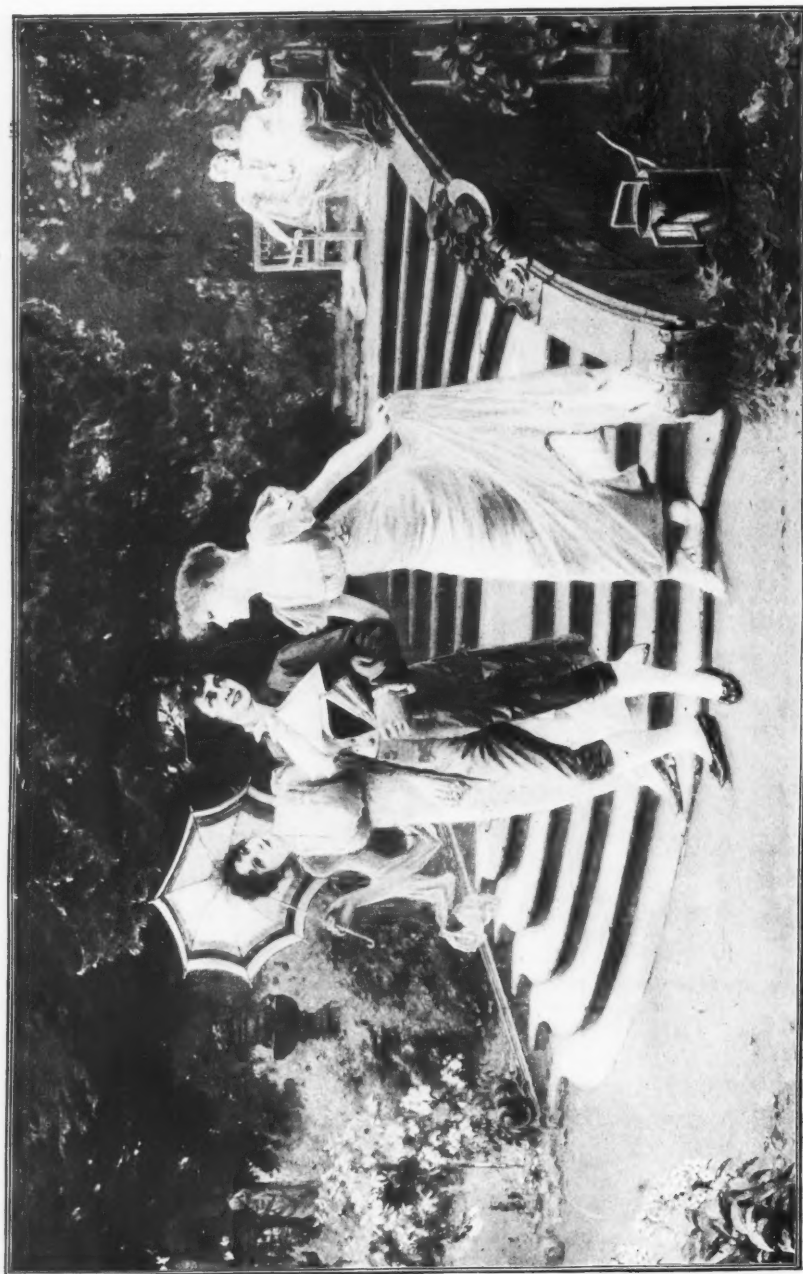
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